



The TATLER

& BYSTANDER

JAEGER
— for Christmas



WILLIAMS & HUMBERT'S
DRY SACK
The World Famous Sherry
SPAIN'S BEST

BY APPOINTMENT TOILET SOAP MAKERS TO THE LATE KING GEORGE VI

Bronnley
FINE SOAPS

PARIPAN-ENAMEL

"The more you wash it,
the better it looks"

BRITISH OWNED & BRITISH MADE
PARIPAN LIMITED, LONDON

Welcome Always -
Keep it Handy

GRANT'S
MORELLA
Cherry Brandy

The Connoisseur asks for Grant's.

BY APPOINTMENT TO THE LATE KING GEORGE VI

RedHackle
DE LUXE
SCOTCH WHISKY

PROPRIETORS *Keir & Ross* GLASGOW

**BACK
AFTER
13
YEARS**

... still the perfect
China flavour
... still in the
pale blue packet
ONLY the name is shortened

HARDEN'S
"DOO-CHI"
TEA

**"ASK FOR
LA RIVA"**
Fino **TRES PALMAS**
REG. TRADE MARK
SPAIN'S FINEST
DRY SHERRY

EST. 1776

Otard

**COGNAC
BRANDY**
FAMOUS SINCE 1795

Ready-to-wear Coats, Suits and Dresses at the
Jacqmar Retail shop
10 GROSVENOR STREET LONDON W.1
Tel: Mayfair 6111
We are open every Saturday morning

AROSA

GRISONS SWITZERLAND 6,000 FT.

In January the Arosa hotels quote specially advantageous prices. For the same money visitors get better rooms, or can stay longer. Reduced terms for the Arosa skiing-school. More careful and personal service. Certainty of snow and the proverbial Arosa sunshine. Famous Arosa amusements-programme. A lot of interesting events:

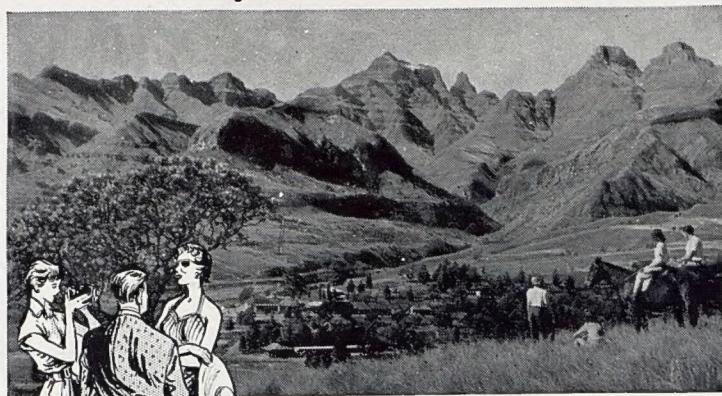
4th, 19th, 23rd and 30th: Ice Hockey Swiss Championship; 8th-9th: Ski-ing, Downhill and Slalom; 14th-16th: Curling Championship; 16th and 23rd: Horse races on the Obersee. Ideal ski-grounds, 4 ski-lifts, ski-jump, slalom standard run, largest ski-school (40 teachers), new stadium (800 seats), 4 ice-rinks, curling rinks.

	beds	7 days all incl.*	
		min.	max.
Tschuggen Grandhotel	180	Fr. 192	Fr. 306
Excelsior	100	Fr. 192	Fr. 306
Hof Maran (new house)	100	Fr. 192	Fr. 306
(old house)		Fr. 176.50	Fr. 265
Arosa Kulm	170	Fr. 192	Fr. 306
Des Alpes	60	Fr. 176.50	Fr. 265
Eden	80	Fr. 176.50	Fr. 265
Seehof	110	Fr. 176.50	Fr. 265
Valsana	100	Fr. 176.50	Fr. 265
Alexandra Golfhotel	90	Fr. 169	Fr. 242
Bellevue	110	Fr. 169	Fr. 242
Berghotel Prättschli	80	Fr. 169	Fr. 242
Raetia	90	Fr. 169	Fr. 242
Hohenfe's	80	Fr. 169	Fr. 242
Post-und Sporthotel	70	Fr. 169	Fr. 242
Rothorn-Savoy	100	Fr. 152	Fr. 242
Alpensonne	50	Fr. 143.50	Fr. 210
Suvretta	40	Fr. 143.50	Fr. 210
Belvédère-Terrasse	65	Fr. 143.50	Fr. 210
Tanneck		Fr. 126.50	Fr. 173
Merkur	40	Fr. 143.50	Fr. 210
Surlej	40	Fr. 143.50	Fr. 210
Streiff-Juventas	50	Fr. 143.50	Fr. 210
Anita	40	Fr. 140	Fr. 190
Berghaus	40	Fr. 140	Fr. 190
Touring	30	Fr. 136	Fr. 180
Gentiana	30	Fr. 136	Fr. 180
Hubelsee garni **	35	Fr. 70	Fr. 98

Kursaal-Casino with jeu de la boule
* Room (without bath) heating, three meals; all tips and taxes.

** Cont. breakf., tips, taxes
Apply to hotels and all Agencies.

A holiday in South Africa



Let us help you
plan in advance

The Travel Bureau of the South African Railways is well placed, through practical experience and intimate knowledge of the Union, to advise visitors where to go and what to see.

More than that. It can relieve you of all the tedious details of travel—tickets, hotel reserva-

tions and so forth—so that your trip glides forward smoothly and delightfully from the first day to the last.

Full information, advice and quotations gladly given free on application to Commercial Representative, South African Railways, South Africa House, Trafalgar Square, London. Tel: Whitehall 4488.

SOUTH AFRICAN RAILWAYS

FOR A DAY OR A STAY IN LONDON—Select The WALDORF HOTEL

Twixt City and West End. Accessible to all parts. Superb cuisine, service and comfort. 500 modern appointed bedrooms, each with phone. Reasonable terms.

ALDWYCH WC2

The venue for business and social meetings, receptions, etc. First class restaurant and grill-room.



Write for Brochure D



WIKES - WALDORF, STRAND, LONDON
PHONE - TEMple Bar 2400

NEW NO MORE DENTURES IN SOAK

Amazing New Liquid
Denture Cleanser Discovery

- ★ Liquid O-DE-DENT Cleans and Removes Stains & Tartar Instantly.
- ★ No Soaking or Brushing.
- ★ So Simple and Easy to Use.
- ★ Destroys Denture Odour.
- ★ Specially recommended by Dentists for Plastic Dentures.

ODEDENT
REGD.

From Boots, Timothy Whites & Chemists
at 1/8d. & 2/7½d. per bottle



"The
Top Notch
of
Scotch"



"King George IV"
OLD SCOTCH WHISKY

Maximum Retail Prices as fixed by
The Scotch Whisky Association.

THE DISTILLERS AGENCY LTD. EDINBURGH

The ideal gift for all occasions . . .

A BOX OF ALLWOOD'S CUT CARNATIONS

always just right and appreciated at all times in joy
and in sorrow

DIRECT FROM
THE LARGEST GROWERS

and dispatched by experts, the flowers arrive fresh as
the dew in the morning. Specially selected colours or
unique mixed shades, which are not seen in the
florists' shops

From 1 Gn. to 5 Gns. per box

LET US QUOTE YOU FOR A
REGULAR WEEKLY SUPPLY

Quantity in box according to prevailing wholesale
market prices

ONE QUALITY ONLY—THE BEST!

Allwood Bros
LTD.



Write for large Catalogue of all kinds of
Carnations, Pinks and Dianthus

Carnation Specialists (Cut Flower Dept.)

3 HAYWARDS HEATH, SUSSEX Wivelsfield 232 & 233

KYNOCH of KEITH SCOTLAND

EST. 1788

CLOTHS
SCARVES
• RUGS



KYNOCH

28 OLD BURLINGTON ST. W.1.

Good Cheer! Grand Fare! In True Christmas Tradition



JOHN LUSTY'S Real Turtle Soup

Made by the oldest Turtle Merchants in the World



By Appointment
Purveyors of Turtle Soup
to the Late King George VI

Also Speciality Soups — BORSCH
BIRDS NEST • SHARKS FIN • KANGAROO TAIL

JOHN LUSTY LTD

8 PARNHAM STREET, LONDON, E.14

Apples

MAKE SUCH WELCOME
GIFTS ESPECIALLY THESE LOVELY COX'S

Handpicked, graded and wrapped
to ensure the perfect apple for
eating. Firmly packed in wooden
cases. Delivered free to your
home, or your friend's address.

40 lbs. 60/-, 20 lbs.
32/6, 10 lbs. 20/-.

Cash with order
to Dept. E.

FORDSON ESTATES LTD
BOREHAM CHELMSFORD
ESSEX



DEC. 22
1954

Volume CCXIV. No. 2789. TWO SHILLINGS
Postage: Inland 2d, Canada: 1½d. Foreign: 2½d.



Godfrey Cake

Young Relatives of the Queen

DAVID, John and Fiona Bowes-Lyon are the children of Major James Bowes-Lyon, M.C., Grenadier Guards, and of Mrs. Bowes-Lyon. Their father is the son of the late Captain Geoffrey Francis Bowes-Lyon, and a second cousin to Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother. Their mother is a daughter of Sir Humphrey de Trafford, Bt. The Bowes-Lyon's home is at Sennicott House, Chichester, Sussex



Yevonde

LADY GEORGE SCOTT is the beautiful and talented wife of Lord George Scott, a brother of H.R.H. the Duchess of Gloucester and of the Duke of Buccleuch. She married Lord George Scott in 1938 and they have three children, David, Georgina and Charmian. She and her husband run a very successful farm at their home in Wiltshire, Crowood House, Ramsbury. Before her marriage Lady George Scott was Miss Mollie Bishop and is very well known as an artist under her maiden name. Last June she had a successful London exhibition

Artist, wife and mother

A portraitist of proved distinction, she also runs efficiently a farming home

A HAMPSHIRE BRIDE-TO-BE

MISS JENNIFER BURLEY, only daughter of Mr. Leslie Burley, of Petersfield, a well-known Hampshire solicitor, and Mrs. Burley, is engaged to Mr. Stuart Dandridge, younger son of Mr. and Mrs. Dandridge, of Kingswood, Surrey. They are to be married at Petersfield in early March. Miss Burley, who is twenty years of age, is keenly interested in sailing, music and dress designing



Michael Dunne

Social Journal

Jennifer

CHRISTMAS AT SANDRINGHAM

WE offer our best wishes to Her Majesty the Queen, Prince Philip, Prince Charles, Princess Anne, and other members of the Royal Family, for a wonderful Christmas and a happy and prosperous New Year.

In contrast to last December, when the Queen and the Prince were thousands of miles away from their children, this year they will be united for a traditional Christmas at Sandringham, where all immediate members of the Royal Family will be with them.

★ ★ ★

PRINCESS MARGARET and a party of young friends including her first lady-in-waiting, now Mrs. George Lowther, with Capt. George Lowther, Capt. Michael and Lady

Laura Brand, Lord Plunket, and her lady-in-waiting Miss Iris Peake, went to see a performance of *Cinderella On Ice* at the Empress Hall, given in aid of the Young Women's Christian Association. They witnessed one of the most spectacular shows of this kind ever to have been put on in London. Tommy Trinder as Buttons produces plenty of fun, while Sonya Kaye as Cinderella and William Hinchy as Prince Charming perform on the ice most gracefully, and they are supported by a vast cast of brilliant skaters.

Countess Fortescue, National President of the Y.W.C.A., received the Princess and escorted the party to their box. I also saw the Hon. Thomas Brand, honorary secretary of the Y.W.C.A., Miss Joan Russell-Smith, who organizes their special events very efficiently, and Mr. Claude Langdon who devised this spectacle.

Princess Margaret wore a long mink coat

over her short evening dress, and I would advise everyone going to see this remarkable show to follow her example and wrap up well, especially if the seats are near the big ice stage.

★ ★ ★

LADY ILLINGWORTH and Mrs. Percy Illingworth sent out invitations for a cocktail party on a day which was their joint birthday. This double celebration, a very gay affair, took place in Lady Illingworth's fine house in Grosvenor Square, the last private house left there. The two first floor reception rooms were soon crowded with friends. These included the Italian Ambassador and Mme. Brosio, who came from just across the Square, the Brazilian Ambassador and Mme. Leao Gracie, who live quite near in Mount Street,

[Continued overleaf]



Miss Barbara Howitt, the opera singer, and Mr. Raymond Austen Parkes, who were having cocktails at the head of the grand staircase before the performance on this exciting and historic occasion



NEW ENGLISH OPERA AT COVENT GARDEN

IN *Troilus and Cressida* Sir William Walton has written a great tragic opera, and its first performance at the Royal Opera House was an artistic event of European importance. The producer was George Devine and conductor Sir Malcolm Sargent, who is seen with Prince and Princess Georg of Denmark after the performance



The Hon. Marie-Louise Hennessy, who is Lord Windlesham's eldest daughter, with Miss P. Reynolds and Mr. Ian Hunter, Director of the Edinburgh Festival

Continuing The Social Journal

Double birthday party in Grosvenor Square

the Austrian Ambassador and Mme. Wimmer, and the Argentine Ambassador, who had come from Belgrave Square.

I also met Mrs. Howard Calvin Sykes, just over from New Jersey to be near her daughter, Mrs. John Wilberforce, who married Lady Illingworth's nephew and was expecting her first baby this month, Sir John and Lady Child, Mr. and Mrs. G. Pinckney, who were up from their Surrey home talking to Mr. and Mrs. Percy Illingworth, Lord Savile down from Yorkshire where he takes a big interest in many local activities, and Sir Howard and Lady Kerr from their home in Derbyshire.

Other guests were Rear-Admiral Sir Arthur and Lady Bromley, the Dowager Countess of Gainsborough, Sir Alfred Bossom, M.P., having a talk to Lady Illingworth, Gwen Viscountess Melchett, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Illingworth, to whom Lady Illingworth is kindly lending her home for their daughter Mary-Dawn's coming-out dance next June, the Marquise de Miraman, Mr. and Mrs. Reginald Duthy, Lord and Lady Howard de Walden, Rafaelle Duchess of Leinster, who also lives in Grosvenor Square in a charming flat, and Myra Lady Fox, with whom Lady Illingworth had just been staying at her home in the country.

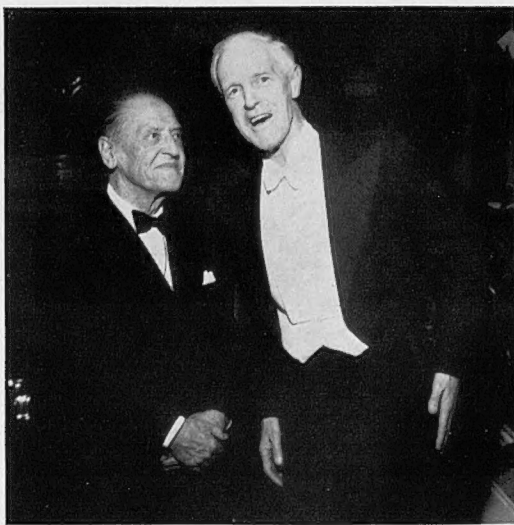
★ ★ ★

MISS BARBARA BERRY, elder daughter of the Hon. Denis Berry and Mrs. J. A. Seys, was a radiant bride when she married Mr. Alexander Gilmour, son of Sir John and Lady Mary Gilmour, at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge. The service was conducted by the Rev. E. B. Henderson. The bride wore an exquisite gown of white lace, mounted on tulle, with a tight fitting bodice and a very full skirt falling into a train, and a short tulle veil held in place by a coronet of orange blossom and lilies of the valley.

The three small pages, her half-brother Richard Berry (who was performing these duties for the second time in a week) with two-year-old David Gilmour and Ian Beith, nephews of the bridegroom, wore kilts of the Gordon tartan and white shirts with lace jabots and ruffles. The three child bridesmaids, Kirsty and Linda Aitken, and Jane Gregory-



Miss Margot Fonteyn, the famous ballerina, was discussing the many different aspects of this magnificent production with Mr. Gordon Stannus



Mr. Somerset Maugham and Sir Reginald Thatcher, Principal of the Royal Academy of Music, were in the distinguished audience



Sir Hugh Casson, whose dignified and handsome scenery made such a valuable contribution to the production, with Lady Walton, the composer's wife

Hood, nieces of the bridegroom, wore figured white organza dresses with red and white flower head-dresses, while the four older bridesmaids, the bride's sister Miss Susan Berry, Lady Sarah Jane Hope, the Hon. Clarissa Chaplin and Miss Joanna Smith-Bingham, had white nylon dresses with off-the-shoulder necklines and very full skirts, and wore red and white flowers in their hair, and carried sheaves to match.

THE Hon. Denis Berry held a reception at the Dorchester Hotel, where he received the guests with Sir John and Lady Gilmour, the latter in a light blue dress and hat to match. The bride and bridegroom stood a little farther on greeting their friends and relations, who included the bride's grandfather Viscount Kemsley and Viscountess Kemsley, the bridegroom's grandmother, the Dowager Duchess of Abercorn, his great uncle Lord Claud Hamilton with his wife, his half-brother Mr. Iain Gilmour and Lady Caroline Gilmour, the Dowager Duchess of Richmond and Gordon, Lady Moyra Hamilton, Miss Virginia Seymour, Major the Hon. Julian Berry and his lovely wife, who wore a sapphire blue velvet coat and tiny hat to match, and the Hon. Rodney Berry and his fiancée, Miss Jennifer Fearnley-Whittingstall, who are to be married in January.

I also met Miss Mary Anne Berry, the Hon. Anthony Berry and his bride, who had just returned from the first week of their honeymoon spent in Paris, and were sailing on the Cunard liner Caronia for the Bahamas two days later, Lady Anne Ridley enjoying a few days in London from her home in the north, and talking to Sir Rhys Llewellyn, Mrs. Ghislaine Alexander with a group of friends including Sir William Mabane, Mrs. Gwilym Lloyd George and Lady Evelyn Patrick, who was down from Lincolnshire.

Mrs. Victor Seely I saw talking to the Hon. David and Lady Anne Rhys, and other guests were the Marquess and Marchioness of Huntly, Mr. Adrian and Lady Mary Bailey, Viscount and Viscountess Knollys, the Earl and Countess of Bessborough, Mrs. Jean Garland, whose daughter Joanna was one of the bridesmaids, Mr. and Mrs. John Menzies, down from their home in Berwickshire, the Marchioness of Linlithgow and Mrs. Robin Compton, who both had bridesmaid daughters.

Mr. and Mrs. Charlie Mills were there, also the bride's uncle the Hon. Neville Berry, who had given invaluable help with the wedding arrangements, and Mrs. Berry, Mrs. Seys in brown, Mr. Christopher Hartley and Mr. Nicholas Eden who were two of the ushers in

the church, Miss Rose Lycett-Green and Miss Sheran Cazalet, who were among the numerous younger guests.

The bride and bridegroom, a very youthful and gay couple, later left, with all the good wishes of their friends, for their honeymoon in Madeira.

FOR the first time at the Kandahar Ski Club dinner, small tables were arranged round the dance floor of the Abraham Lincoln room at the Savoy, instead of, as in previous years, a long top table with other tables right up the room. There was also an absence of long speeches this year, an innovation much appreciated by everyone present.

At the end of dinner, after proposing the Royal Toast, the chairman of the dinner, Lt.-Col. Digby Raeburn, who had come over from Germany especially to preside, rose and said briefly that everyone could read all the news of the Club in their yearbook, that there were to be no speeches (to which there was applause) and let music begin.

Dancing then started straight away, and I noticed that members moved round from their original tables to sit and talk or dance with their friends at other tables, so that the occasion was very like a private dance.

NEITHER the President, Field-Marshal Viscount Montgomery of Alamein, nor the Vice-President, Sir Arnold Lunn, were able to be present, as they were both away in different parts of America. Lady Mabel Lunn was present however, and said she and her husband would be going out as usual to Murren soon after Christmas. She sat at the Chairman's table, where other members included his mother Lady Raeburn who I heard was going to Gstaad, his sister Miss Patricia Raeburn, still walking with a stick as the result of a fall, at home, early in the year, and Lady Blane who will soon be going out to Villars of which she is a faithful habituée.

Lt.-Col. Raeburn, who commands the Scots Guards in Germany, is also planning some skiing himself this winter, and will be one of the three skiers from his regiment competing in the Army Championships at Bad Gastein.

At the next table were Dr. and Mrs. Ripley Oddie. The latter, who still skis exceptionally well, was at one time one of the best British skiers competing in international races. With them were her brother Mr. Duncan Kessler and his wife, Mrs. Paul Hepworth who is a devotee of Wengen, Mr. E. W. A. Richardson, Mrs. Palmer-Tompkinson and Mr. James Riddell, a former champion skier and author,

whose recent book *The Holy Land* has had a great success. He did invaluable work during the war training our troops destined to land in Norway to ski, and is still one of the finest skiers in Europe. This winter, however, he will not be following this sport until very late in the spring, as he is just leaving for Portuguese East Africa where he is going to photograph some of the wild animals and collect copy for another book he has in mind.

SIR WAVELL and Lady Wakefield, who will be over in Switzerland during the Parliamentary recess, during which time Sir Wavell is officiating at several British and International ski-ing events, had their daughter Mrs. Hensman and Mr. and Mrs. Christopher Mackintosh with them. Mr. and Mrs. Alan Butler, the latter, who is another fine skier and former international, was in deep blue satin, had a big party with them including Mr. and Mrs. Julian Amery and Mr. and Mrs. Patrick De Laszlo. Mrs. De Laszlo, who is extremely pretty with a lovely figure, always chooses attractive and amusing ski clothes and collected the nickname of "Cheetah" from wearing a pair of very smart striped long trousers in Zermatt one year.

The Earl and Countess of Selkirk, Miss Hileary Laing a member of the British women's ski team, Miss Addy Pryor, last year's captain,

[Continued overleaf]



Mrs. Russell Roberts was with Sir William Walton, her brother, Mr. Frederick Ashton, the celebrated choreographer, and Mrs. Roy Harrod

Continuing The Social Journal

Farewell parties
to Ambassadors

Mr. Eric Lewns who is going to Scheidegg, Mrs. Macarthy, Mrs. Peter Dollar, who is taking her children out to Mürren for the Christmas holidays, and Lady Chamier were among other ski-ing enthusiasts enjoying this good dinner-dance.

★ ★ ★

Two farewell parties in the diplomatic world, on consecutive evenings, naturally gave a slight feeling of sadness. We none of us like our friends leaving the country, especially when they are such charming people as the Italian Ambassador and Mme. Brosio and the French Ambassador and Mme. Massigli. The Italian party came first and several hundred friends gathered to say "goodbye," and to wish good luck to the Ambassador in his new post in Washington.

The fine first-floor suite of rooms of this Grosvenor Square Embassy, where the Brosios have given such delightful parties during their tenure of office here, were soon crowded, and it is impossible to mention all those I saw there. The Diplomatic Corps were well represented by nearly every Ambassador at the Court of St. James's and their ladies, and Members of both Houses of Parliament were present, and representatives of industry and of the musical world. In the first category I met the French Ambassador and Mme. Massigli, the Norwegian Ambassador and Mme. Prebensen who had returned from Norway the previous day, the Swedish Ambassador and Mme. Hägglöf, the Austrian Ambassador and Mme. Wimmer and the Portuguese Ambassador who was talking to M. Elovios Mangor from the Norwegian Embassy in Washington.

The Duke and Duchess of Buccleuch were talking to Mr. Somerset Maugham as they arrived, and I saw among musical friends the Earl and Countess of Harewood, the latter in a black velvet coat and beaded hat, Viscount and Viscountess Waverley, Mr. and Mrs. Michael Wood and her mother Mrs. Weissweller. Lord and Lady Killearn were there, also Sir Noel and Lady Charles, the latter enjoying her first party after her recent illness,

Countess Beauchamp with Lady Claud Hamilton, Rafaelle Duchess of Leinster, the Hon. Charles and Mrs. Rhys, Lady Grantchester and her daughter-in-law the Hon. Mrs. Kenneth Suenson-Taylor, Mrs. Peter Thorneycroft, Lady Pamela Berry, Signor Livio Theodoli, Minister-Counsellor at the Italian Embassy, and Signor Farace, the First Secretary, who were attentively looking after the guests.

On the following evening many of the same friends went to the lovely French Embassy in Kensington Palace Gardens to bid farewell to the Doyen and his charming wife at the first of three farewell parties they gave. M. and Mme. Massigli have been with us since 1944, and shared first the trials and tribulations of wartime, and later our austerity postwar days.

Many of us can remember the receptions they gave at Lowndes House, which was taken for them as a temporary residence, as the prewar French Embassy in Albert Gate had suffered severe damage from bombs. Here the size and layout of the rooms made it difficult to fit in a large number of guests comfortably, but it was always cleverly achieved. Three years ago they moved into the present magnificent Embassy, for whose beauty Mme. Massigli is largely responsible, having chosen the lovely furnishings and décor. This charming couple will no doubt see many of their English friends again in Paris, where M. Massigli takes up a very important Government appointment in the New Year.

I met at this party most of those I have already mentioned at the Italian Embassy, also Earl Fitzwilliam, the Minister of Health and Mrs. Macleod, Lord Mancroft talking to Lady Petrie the very able Mayor of Kensington, Sir Gerald and Lady Kelly, Lord Astor and Mr. Rory and Lady Elisabeth More O'Ferrall, with her sister-in-law the Countess of Listowel who will soon be busy helping her daughter Lady Deirdre Hare with her wedding arrangements; Lady Deirdre marries Lord Grantley in London on January 18.

★ ★ ★

PRINCE ALEXANDER OF YUGOSLAVIA came to the Empire, Leicester Square, with Mr. and Mrs. Henry Tiarks and a party including Mr. Ivan and Lady Edith Foxwell and Mr. and Mrs. Hamish Hamilton, to see the brilliant underwater fishing film *Under The Caribbean*, made by Dr. Hans Hass. When this film has finished its run at the Empire it



Two gallant young Coldstreamers, pages David Walters (left) and Simon Hedley, were escorting their bridesmaid sisters, Elizabeth Walters and Charlotte Hedley

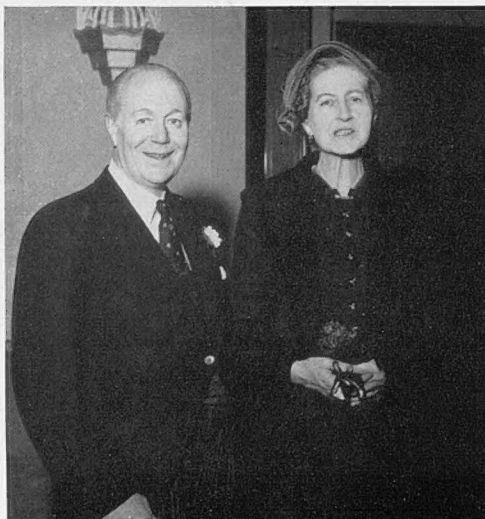
will be released for showing throughout the country. It is a superb example of underwater photography, and its most exciting and hazardous shots include whales in their natural setting. Dr. Hass and his very pretty wife Lotte, who plays a leading part in the film, were also there that evening.

★ ★ ★

IN scarlet tunics and bearskins, men of the Coldstream Guards made a brilliant splash of colour as they formed a guard of honour for Capt. Andrew Mayes and his bride, formerly Miss Monica Craven, when they left St. Mark's, North Audley Street after their marriage. The bride, who wore a dress of embroidered façonné satin and a pearl and crystal head-dress, had a retinue of four children and four grown-up bridesmaids. The little pages, Simon Hedley and David Walters, were in Coldstream Guards' uniform of 1820, and the little girls, Charlotte Hedley and Elizabeth Walters, in white organza frocks with gold sashes.



Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Spooner were two of the six hundred guests. They were here at the Claridge's reception



The Rev. Hiram and Mrs. Craven, of Queen's Gate, parents of the bride, awaiting the arrival of the guests



Mr. and Mrs. C. Mayes, the bridegroom's parents, listen to the speeches. Mr. Mayes was a housemaster at Eton

The four grown-up bridesmaids, Miss Diana Goodman, Miss Cicily Lambert, Miss Diana Mathew and Miss Sallie Mayes, wore gold and white brocade dresses and head-dresses of yellow and white flowers with gold leaves like the children. Major Victor Le Fanu, who is a brother officer in the Coldstream Guards, was best man.

The bride's parents, the Rev. Hiram and Mrs. Craven, held a reception at Claridge's where they received the guests with the bridegroom's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Mayes. After the bride and bridegroom had cut their wedding cake, their health was proposed by Dr. Cairns Terry, an old friend of the bride's family who has known her since she was a little girl.

AMONG those who came to wish the young couple happiness were the bridegroom's grandfather Major H. G. Lomer, who was in tremendous form, talking to Mr. and Mrs. R. A. Constantine, his uncle Mr. Cecil Mayes with his wife and daughter Sallie, the bride's elder brother Mr. Nico Craven, her twin brothers Mr. Dominic and Mr. Francis Craven—the latter flew back to Germany the following day—her sister Mrs. Denis Purcell and her husband, and the Dean of Westminster, Canon Don, who officiated at the service assisted by the Rev. K. H. Thorneycroft.

The Provost of Eton and Mrs. Elliot were there, also Lady Jessel and her daughter the Hon. Crystal Russell and Mr. Charles Jessel, Lord and Lady Leathers, Mrs. Slade and her son Mr. Julian Slade and her daughter Mrs. Hamilton Russell with Mr. Hamilton Russell, Mr. and Mrs. Robin Dent who were married recently, and Brig. and Mrs. Mathew.

The bride wore a dark blue tweed coat and little velvet hat when they left for their honeymoon in Paris. As the bridegroom has got leave over Christmas, they will return here to spend it with their families, and then go to Germany where his regiment is stationed.

★ ★ ★

FOR the first time, the Radley College Beagles are holding a Hunt Ball. This is to take place on January 7 at the Randolph Hotel, Oxford, and promises to be a very gay evening with plenty of young people present, and it is hoped to raise a good sum for the Hunt funds. It is being run by the seventeen-year-old Master of the Radley College Beagles, John Bird.

Tickets, which are at the reasonable price of 30s., and include buffet supper, can be obtained from the Secretary of the Radley College Beagles Ball, Radley College, Abingdon, Berks.



The grown-up bridesmaids, Miss Sallie Mayes, Miss Cicily Lambert, Miss Diana Mathew and Miss Diana Goodman



Desmond O'Neill

A MAYFAIR WEDDING CHARMED THE WINTER

ONE of the prettiest weddings of the Christmas season was that of Miss Monica Craven, daughter of the Rev. Hiram and Mrs. Craven, of Queen's Gate, S.W.7, to Capt. Andrew Mayes of the Coldstream Guards. Capt. and Mrs. Mayes are seen above after the ceremony at St. Mark's, North Audley Street

The Gentle Art of Christmas Uncing

IN just two days it will be Christmas Eve, the penultimate peak of the year for the young and the young in heart. This is the sweet moment when the foot-lights glow as the theatre goes dark and the curtain gives its businesslike preliminary tremble.

Last-minute shoppers, lazy or busy as the case may be, need not fear for their enforced idleness, if they set about the remedy determinedly. The shops have shed austerity and in its place is an ingenuity and an appearance, at least, of affluence which would have astonished our elders and probably given those half-fabulous Dickensians heart failure.

The easiest and best starting-post bet for visiting relations is the hamper, which still preserves a solid Victorian air. It can still be purchased either ready-made, or filled according to instructions at the bigger stores. Patés for the discerning are back in multi-flavoured splendour. Cheese mongers are free of their chains and are practising their individual country crafts again. Dundee cakes are richer than for fifteen years and tawny ports are no longer traps for the gullible. And if you decide to settle for a Stilton, it can be had on demand. As a variation, try white Stilton, which can be cut easily by weight to fill a hamper corner.

AMONG the teenage (and above) games there are two newcomers. "Scrabble" has swept America and can now be bought here. It was the invention of two young people who originally manufactured it themselves in their own home and have made a fortune therefrom. Crossword fiends need no longer be selfish recluses: they can share their

esoteric pleasures. "Calypso" the second of the new arrivals, rolls Canasta, Bridge and poker into one bright new parcel, and to produce it is a guarantee that, regardless of age, one is still in the swim.

A simple and popular device for those proceeding to homes where there are sure to be Christmas trees is to arrive armed with a fairy-land of etceteras for the tree—boxes of wired lights, witch balls, lanterns and the new brilliant dice-cubes. Look out for wax penguins, oranges and floating water lilies which are also candle holders.

One of the greatest successes a visiting aunt or uncle can achieve is by arriving with a sackful of modestly priced toys from the chain stores. In prewar days a pound expended in sixpences produced miracles, but if today the sixpence has become half a crown the variety obtainable is infinite and even if every piece of clockwork smashes within four hours it will prove value for money. Sometimes, with unwise gifts of musical instruments, this is an advantage which can be judiciously aided.

You can be reasonably safe with crackers, which are now masterpieces of ingenuity, some even disguised as bottles of beer and others so elaborate that one feels they should be worn on white shoulders in place of orchids.

STOUT-HEARTED toy-purchasers are warned that space guns are very formidable this season and that there is now available an item called a twin-jet delta water pistol. A safer investment is an inexhaustible supply of small conjuring tricks which can be taught to deserving nephews in privacy, to the later astonishment of the assembled company.

An invaluable tip from George Braund, greatest of dinner-table conjurers, is offered to those Uncles who really fancy their skill. It is to expend a reasonably high price on a couple of expansive mysteries such as can be obtained from the magic department of stores like Hamleys, and master their presentation in seclusion. With a little of what New Yorkers very rightly call "the Bafflegab" an immense reputation can be built up between tea-time and the first glass of sherry.

The most successful gift the present writer ever bestowed on a small boy was a very large and



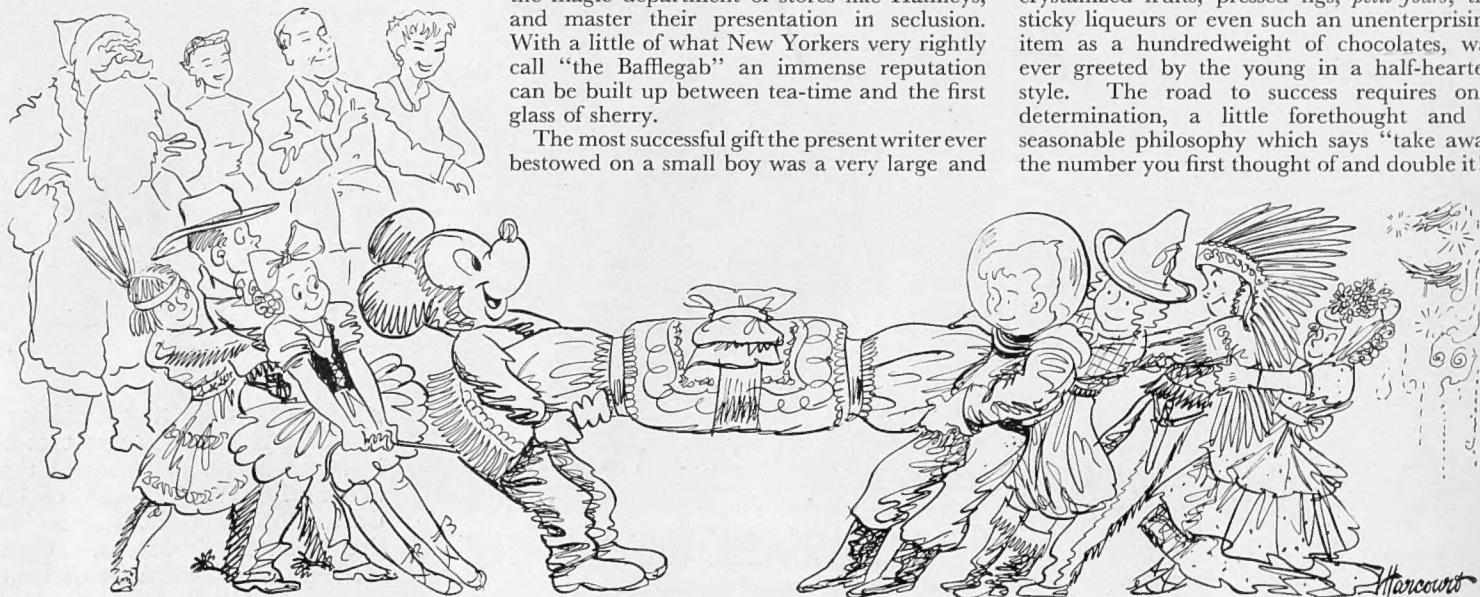
lengthy electric torch, guaranteed to throw a beam, if concentrated, for at least one hundred yards. This was his pride for the entire holidays and was instrumental in getting the child ordered out of every cinema within his radius. This seemed to increase his pride of possession.

But the unfailing secret is personal attention: the perfunctory gift has no savour and children are quicker to appreciate this than any adult. For example, at a most successful children's party last year the seal of importance was set on the occasion by the fact that the grown-ups attended in evening dress and took part in every dance with a proper uncondescending decorum.

INCIDENTALLY it is not enough to supply a pianist who can merely play all the romping dances, the Big Apple, the Palais Glide, the Booms-a-daisy and the Lambeth Walk—a gramophone can produce all the necessary sounds. What is vital is to have an accomplished grown-up on hand who can teach these tricky steps and organize the proceedings with the full force of an old-fashioned master of ceremonies.

And lest we forget, children's stomachs are almost invariably stronger than their elders' imaginations, and more receptive. The most terrifying menus of sardines, meringues, ices and *marrons glacés* can often be consumed without the turn of a hair.

No visitor who arrived at a house loaded with the latest ideas in Turkish Delight, crystallized fruits, pressed figs, *petit fours*, the sticky liqueurs or even such an unenterprising item as a hundredweight of chocolates, was ever greeted by the young in a half-hearted style. The road to success requires only determination, a little forethought and a seasonable philosophy which says "take away the number you first thought of and double it!"



LADY DIXIE AND HER DAUGHTER

LADY DIXIE is the wife of Sir Wolfstan Dixie, of Ickenham Manor, nr. Uxbridge. Their small daughter Eleanor Barbara Lindsay was born in 1952. Sir Wolfstan is the thirteenth holder of the title. The first baronet, a zealous Royalist, was presented with a warrant for a baronet's patent by the King in 1641, but owing to the Civil War it did not pass the seals until the Restoration in 1660, from when the title dates





THE MILLS BROTHERS, Bernard the administrator and Cyril the talent-spotter, took over the running of the Bertram Mills circus when their father died in 1938, and have carried it on with undiminished glory. The brothers—Harrow and Cambridge is their background—gave up successful careers in other spheres to take over the circus, and their reward surely is that it is now a key-event at Olympia for the young—and a large proportion of their elders—every Christmas and New Year season. This year the circus (which their father, a famous coach builder, founded as the result of a £100 bet with the late Earl of Lonsdale) opened five days ago, preceded, of course, by the famous luncheon which even Prime Ministers have found not beneath their attention

Roundabout

—Paul Holt

How I wish I could be giving a dinner party this season for the following:

WOMEN: Nancy Mitford, to tell me more about Madame de Pompadour, that shrewd and delightful woman whose real name was Poisson.

Nancy Spain, to tell me more about how her famous ancestor, Mrs. Beeton, cooked a Christmas dinner for a family of thirteen in the grandstand at Epsom racecourse.

Edith Sitwell, because I think she is the greatest English poet still writing.

MEN: Bertrand Russell, because he is so wicked he can make an outrageous remark and prove it true in the next breath.

Gilbert Harding, because he is never rude in private and has a fund of information that pours from him like syrup from a tree.

L. P. Hartley, out of sheer compliment to his wonderful book of childhood, *The Go-Between*.

At the other end of the table I would like Miss Vivien Leigh for the best of all reasons. The sweetness of her appearance

is matched perfectly by the asperity of her tongue.

★ ★ ★

I AM annoyed by the many fashionable ladies in this town who have been spending their spare time during the past fortnight offering free advice to women journalists on how to give cheap cocktail parties.

Their parsimony is revolting.

One woman, I see, boasts that she can supply wine and cocktails for twenty-five guests for £5 and feed them for less.

Poor guests. Their manners are probably far too good to protest at this concentration camp hospitality, yet as the evening goes on a wild look comes into their eyes as thirst increases and their stomachs rumble like thunder 'cross the bay. Some see a mirage of the Mirabelle, others curl up on couches and, waiting for death to release them, write up their diaries.

I feel strongly that if you are going to give a party and have any money at all, the lot is not good enough for your friends.

And if you are broke, a thing which can happen to anybody, then say it's sausages and beer and if they want your company they'll come just the same.

★ ★ ★

A FRIEND has just returned from Paris where he had a macabre experience. He thought to go to visit an old friend, a famous stage star of other years, knowing that she had gone into retirement after a motor accident which had scarred her face.

He noticed that the house was shuttered, but the door opened to the bell and he walked in. Candles fluttered, lights were shaded. No shaft of daylight showed. His hostess sat in shadow and held a fan in front of her face.

But soon she dropped the fan as she began to talk, and her talk grew gayer until she suddenly sprang to her feet and ran upstairs.

All through that afternoon she put on the costumes and sang the songs that had made her famous, to an audience of one.

My friend said it was more poignant than the character of Miss Havesham which Dickens imagined.

Yet he left her in a gay mood, her scar forgotten.

★ ★ ★

THE fuss about the Churchill telegram is not necessary.

The Prime Minister has recently admitted in print that he is not a fool; and he knew quite well that the million or more German prisoners who surrendered to the Field-Marshal could not have broken the skin of a tapioca pudding, let alone fight against the Russians. They were exhausted, frightened, longing for the whole thing to end.

Stack their arms certainly; that was a valuable military precaution, but to put them to war again would have been a great foolishness. Their one obsession was to surrender to us to escape the Russians.

I remember two friends flew to Norway and reached Oslo before the white plane that brought King Haakon from England. At the airport they were forced to accept the surrender of all the German occupation forces, although their substantive rank was captain.

The German officer who insisted on surrendering explained: "You see, we are so frightened of the Russians," he said.

Then he realized he had dropped a brick and, pulling himself up stiff, he clicked his heels. "I beg your pardon. We are frightened of *you*, too," he said and saluted

The tips of my huge moustaches tell me that it is going to be a terrible winter.

Already we have had five great gales in sequence, tropical rain, snow, thunderstorms and the tidiest little tornado you ever saw.

I predict that Jan., Feb. and March will be seized by a stillness of black frost and intense cold and so I would like to offer the benefit of my experience in many countries on the art of keeping warm.

In Russia there is only one way—marry for the sake of what Mr. Eliot calls pneumatic bliss.

As I was not willing to make this sacrifice I put sheets of *Pravda* under the quilt and repeated to myself: Zanzibar, Ceylon, Saigon, endlessly.

On the Murmansk run I would go to my bunk in a life-jacket and outside a bottle of whisky. This worked so well I once slept through a Nazi air-raid on the convoy.

In Spain during the Civil War a friend of mine always took his wine to bed with him so that he could drink it at room temperature.

In London, during the great blight of 1946-47, I was reduced to burning the piano stool, but I do not recommend this, not being a natural floor-sitter.

This winter I shall take to the bath, swirling a bottle of St. Emilion gently about me with a dreamy air.

★ ★ ★

WANDERING around London in the drenching rain I have this past week fallen into the habit of looking at the Christmas windows to cheer myself up. Today is almost the last day when people will do so. I beg to report, for those who have left it late and may make a sortie tomorrow:

Presents for women remain much the same. They are fancy, flattering, but generally ugly. Costume jewellery gets fiercer. The jingling and jangling around the town quite soon will sound like a troop of cavalry.

Umbrellas remain long. Negligées fussy. Nightgowns are like tents for Arctic explorers. Bags get bigger as the designers slowly realize there is no limit to what a woman may take a mind to put in one.

Fancy chess sets abound (I am a Staunton man myself).

As for the men. Pipes are too shiny to be real. Ties are darker. Perhaps it would be fairer to say they are more "sincere."

Weskits are quieter, too, but there is a great outburst of gaudy dressing-gowns, glossy smoking-jackets, slippers with turned up toes, even hookahs. It seems to me the private life of the male may be looking up in the New Year.

★ ★ ★

ON her last journey the Cutty Sark, travelling from East India Dock to her last berth at Greenwich, crossed the Greenwich meridian four times.

Did any ship ever do that before in one day?



FINNISH INDEPENDENCE DAY was marked by a party at the Embassy in London. The Ambassador and his wife, Mme. Soravuo, were here welcoming Miss Sisko Raisanen of Helsinki



THE BOOK SOCIETY'S chairman and directors gave a party at 23 Knightsbridge on their twenty-fifth anniversary. Here Lady Oriel Vaughan was chatting with Mrs. Lusty, wife of Mr. Robert Lusty of Michael Joseph, the publishers



LATIN-AMERICAN and British guests mingled at the dinner of the countries' joint Chamber of Commerce at the Savoy. Right to left: Mr. Michael Lubbock, Mme. de Mendoza, the Cuban Ambassador's wife, and the Marquess of Reading



Eric Coop

MADAME STIKKER is the charming wife of H.E. the Ambassador of the Netherlands who has been representing his country at the Court of St. James's since 1952. They have two sons and live at Palace Green, W.8. Her husband, who is a Doctor of Law, has held many high positions in the Netherlands Government including that of Minister for Foreign Affairs. His decorations from many countries include an Hon. Grand Cross of the British Empire

Priscilla in Paris

Two Versions of "Le Noël"

CHRISTMAS EVE in Paris and the last, thrilling, nerve-racking and yet happy rush to terminate the seasonable preparations. Both schools of celebration are hard at it!

The family festivities when Mamma remembers that she has forgotten to get something soft and gaily coloured for the distant cousin's new baby . . . and finds the shops are sold out.

The night-life jubulations when Madame decides that she *must* have a different hair-do for the *réveillon* at the Lido and, having been turned down by her own coiffeur, rings up every hair stylist in town. . . .

When the two schools unite and the more

social activities are followed up by the obligations of family life next morning, the whole affair becomes a miracle of wear and tear; and survivors like to brag about it!

IT must be admitted that British dwellers in this lovely city, who have run the entire course from Midnight Mass and supper to midday meal and afternoon gaieties, are easy winners in the post-Christmas stakes. Heavy-eyed and somewhat dyspeptic they wake, on the 26th, to the Boxing Day that Parisians ignore. Failing a Christmas pantomime they dutifully take the children to the circus, bring them home to a glorified tea, put them to bed early and, following suit themselves, sink into comatose repose vowing that next year, what-

ever else they do, they will spend Christmas in the country.

There is an agreeable film to be seen in Paris at the moment that opens in the true Christmas spirit on a Christmas Eve. It is as restful as a post-luncheon nap after a heavy night when one has been obliged to get up early!

In due time, *Papa, Maman, La Bonne et Moi* will no doubt reach London and I think London will like it. It is a picture that carries no thrills, sex-scenes or horrors. The photography is not sensational. It has not the circus-like comedy or the forced clowning of Jacques Tati's *Jour de Fête*. One smiles delightedly but one does not guffaw and one leaves the cinema feeling that "Papa, Mamma, the maid and Robert Lamoureux" are new-old friends whose simple, middle-class life it has been very pleasant to share for a couple of hours. One also has the impression that one knows France better than when living in big hotels and eating in *de luxe* restaurants.

FOR several seasons now, Robert Lamoureux has crept into our hearts. Perhaps British listeners to the French radio may have heard him on the air. If so they may have thought: "Heavens! What a voice!" It is a voice that needs oiling for it is as creaky and croaky as a piece of rusty mechanism and yet, at the same time, as gay and friendly as sunshine in December—the sunshine we are all so badly needing.

Robert Lamoureux is a lanky young man whose face is not his fortune but whose smile is the most heartwarming thing one can see. His quiet humour is irresistible and his monologues about *Papa, Maman, La Bonne et Moi* have been strung together by Marcel Aymé and Pierre Véry enabling Jean-Paul Le Chanois to make a film that has changed the gall that drips from the pens of caustic critics into the honey dew of italicized praise. And this, as those who know French criticism will realize, is an extraordinary feat.

Fine players "live" this picture. Fernand Ledoux of the Comédie Française and Gaby Morlay are Papa and Mamma; Nicole Courcel is the maid and Robert Lamoureux his most dear and human self.

IN this country it is said very truly that: "everything ends with songs." A very pleasant way, too, so long as they are sung by the Patachous, Edith Piafs, Josephine Bakers and Juliette Grecos; the Maurice Chevaliers, Yves Montands, Charles Trenets and Mouloudjis in whom we delight, and so long as we still have records recalling Yvette Guilbert, Yvonne George and other dear ladies of the past.

An interesting book: *Regards Neufs Sur La Chanson* has recently been published by Editions du Seuil. It contains erudite articles by Pierre Barlatier and other well-known writers who discuss the subject from the earliest songs that the troubadours of olden times transmitted by word of mouth down through the middle ages to the topical, satirical verses of France's modern *chansonniers*. The letterpress is illustrated with the reproductions of old drawings, caricatures and photographs. The volume also contains the words and music of twenty-one songs, sea shanties and ballads.

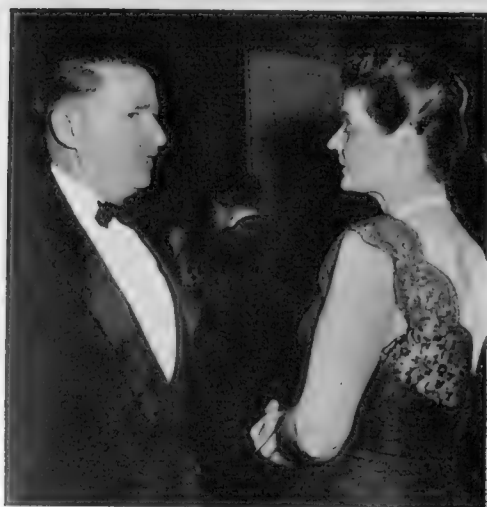
Some of them are old favourites, many are ancient and little known but all of them are very lovely.

"Apprenez que toutes..."

● Monsieur Ixe gives an old Venetian mirror to his wife—an extremely plain but very charming woman—for her Christmas present. She smiles at him with tender gratitude and murmurs: "Flatterer!"

FRENCH AND ENGLISH MET AT A PARTY IN PARIS

THE Marquis and Marquise de Amodio were hosts recently, in their beautiful house in the Rue de l'Université, to a number of friends from England and France whom they entertained superbly in the cause of the Entente Cordiale



The host, the Marquis de Amodio, greeting the Duchesse des Cars. The Marquis is vice-president of the R.A.F. Association in Europe

G/Capt. R. C. Vaughan was listening to Mme. Renée Abrami. Above them is Gainsborough's portrait of Sir John Anstruther



Miss Olga Deierding, the Hon. Mrs. Pamela Churchill, Lord Digby's eldest daughter, and M. Palewski, vice-president of the French Assembly



The hostess, the Marquise de Amodio, was sitting with Mme. François Goussault, mother of Viscount Ashley



Major Walter Lees, of the British Embassy in Paris, was seated on the floor beside Miss Stella Jebb, whose father is the U.K. Ambassador

Mme. Jean Duhamel and Mme. Claude Dulong seated below the portrait by Nattier of one of the Rochefoucauld family



DINING IN

The "beau reste" of the bird

WITH the long Christmas week-end in mind, most people will have chosen a fairly large turkey. Do, if possible, resist the temptation to carve both sides for, next day, both the white and dark meat of the uncarved side will cut into beautifully thin moist slices and be more presentable.



THE ROYAL MOTOR YACHT CLUB held its annual dinner and ball at the Savoy. Above: Lt.-Cdr. C. T. Nodin, M.B.E., Mrs. N. Woodrow and Air/Cdre. W. Helmore. Below: Mr. R. de Sola, Miss Vicky Reynolds, Mrs. Bullin and Lt.-Cdr. Bullin

DINING OUT

Some toasts for the season

As the time of the year has arrived when the mistletoe grants certain privileges, we might as well be gay and start off with a couple of toasts which we have extracted from Wehman Bros.' *New Book of Toasts*, published in America over seventy years ago:

Here's to a bird, a bottle and an open-work stocking

There's nothing in this that's so very shocking. The bird came from Norfolk, the bottle from France,

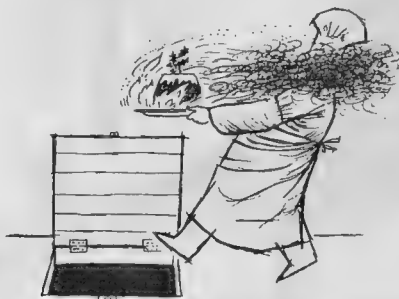
The open-work stocking was seen at a dance.

This seems to cover the turkey, the wine and the ladies.

Here is one for the chefs, many of whom will be working very hard this Christmas for your enjoyment:

We may live without poetry, music and art;

We may live without conscience and live without heart;



After this second carving, enough meat will still remain for a worth-while Creamed Turkey dish.

A word to the young carver: expert carvers themselves ensure that their knife is sharp. *Carving*, by M. T. Roberts (Practical Press; 5s.), will help the inexperienced. It carries thirty-two photographs and diagrams, and is the best concise book I know on the subject.

Now for the turkey in cream sauce: having cut off and set aside all the remaining meat, put the skin and bones in a pan and cover with cold water. Add a *bouquet garni*, a tablespoon or so of sherry or dry vermouth, and pepper and salt to taste. Cover and simmer to extract all flavour.

Melt an ounce of butter and cook an ounce of flour in it, without colouring. Away from the heat, stir in a pint of the strained stock. Return to the heat and simmer for 20 minutes or so,



stirring occasionally, to reduce the sauce to the thickness you desire. Add the turkey pieces and so very gently heat them through that they are not toughened.

Beat together an egg yolk and two to three tablespoons of cream. Stir them in at the last minute but do not allow to boil.

THE ideal accompaniment is Patna rice, boiled as for curry. Arrange in a circle in a heated entrée dish and pour the creamed turkey in the centre with, perhaps, a sprinkling of paprika or very finely-chopped parsley on top.

If you can get ½-lb. tiny unopened mushrooms, slice them. Add a squeeze of lemon juice (to keep them white) and a tablespoon of water. Cover and cook for 3 minutes. Add to the sauce before the egg and cream.

Or garnish with strips of tinned red pimento or asparagus tips, adding, in either case, their juice to the main stock.

FOR a sweet on Boxing Day? I hope you have enough plum pudding left over for, this way, it can be even better than when served the day before: cut it into fairly thick slices. Place them in a shallow fire-proof dish, sprinkle them with sugar and grill them to caramelize it. Before taking the dish to table, pour a measure of whisky around the slices if you like. The dish will have heated it enough to enable you to set it alight.

—Helen Burke



Gabor Denes

We may live without friends and live without books;

But civilised man cannot live without cooks.

We may live without books—what is knowledge but grieving?

We may live without hope—what is hope but deceiving?

We may live without love—what is passion but pining!

But where is the man that can live without dining?

TOASTS are not much use unless one has something to drink them in, so here are a couple of punches appropriate to the time of the year, and a heart-warming antidote to the appalling weather.

First we have a punch which has previously not been available to the general public but has been served at banquets in the City of London for over 200 years, and always accompanied the turtle soup. It is named Birch's Punch after Samuel Birch, a wine merchant who was Lord Mayor of London in the year of Waterloo.

Another kind which has been on the market for nearly forty years is Knowland's Olde English Punch.

When Albert Knowland decided to market a punch he asked various compounders of liquor to set to work, the ultimate selection being that prepared by James Burrough of Lambeth.

PUNCHES can be taken neat or with boiling water added and a slice of lemon if you want it hot, or in the summer served with ice. An old English rhyme about punch will be found on the bottles of Knowland's:

When e'en a bowl of Punch we make,
Four striking opposites we take;
The strong the small the sharp the sweet,
Together mixed most kindly meet,
And when they happily unite,
The bowl is pregnant with delight.

As the Christmas cards should say (but seldom do) "Here's to us, who's like us? Darn few."

—I. Bickerstaff

LONDON AYRSHIRE SOCIETY'S GUEST NIGHT IN PICCADILLY

KILTS were much in evidence at the London Ayrshire Society's dinner-dance at the Park Lane Hotel. Southerners, too, enjoyed the hospitality of this powerful county society, which can count so many distinguished figures in its ranks. All enjoyed a delightful evening, alike at the banqueting table and in the ballroom.



The President, Lord Howard de Walden, was just about to drink a toast with Lady Howard de Walden



Left: Mrs. R. M. Biden and Mr. and Mrs. Ian McDavid were enjoying conversation between dances



Right: Mr. R. M. Biden and Mrs. Gordon Harvey were having a glass of wine together in the buffet



Left: Mr. James R. Steele, a past-president of the Society, accompanying Miss Jessamin Moore to the ballroom



Right: Mrs. C. W. Morley, Sir Alexander Fleming, Mr. A. M. Ritchard and Lady Fleming were sharing a table

At the Theatre

A Sprite in the Park

Anthony Cookman

Illustrations by Emmwood



Amanda, the little Parisian milliner (Mary Ure), whose sincerity and charm rekindles the spark of love in the broken heart of the Prince (Paul Scofield), lost for so long in the shadows of *Time Remembered*

ALREADY in 1939 M. Jean Anouilh had become so adept at launching rose-coloured stage balloons that he could calmly refrain for a whole act from letting the audience know whither a balloon was bound.

How far he succeeded in turning what the orthodox would call "bad theatre" into "good theatre" by sheer liveliness of comic invention we may judge by Miss Patricia Moyes's translation of *Léocadia*, now brought to the Lyric, Hammersmith, with the Proustian title of *Time Remembered*.

I am not sure that this particular balloon is ever again quite so buoyant-seeming as when it is still tethered to the ground by baffling hints and obscure allusions.

A bewildered midinette confronts a madly eccentric Duchess who has a favour to ask of the girl which even she regards as inordinate. Since she dare not put the mysterious request into words she weaves about it with a furious inconsequence which has perhaps its own fantastic logic. (Miss Margaret Rutherford suggests now the impetuous tangential flight of a demented old moth, now the airy grandeur of the White Queen talking down to Alice.) All the midinette can learn is that the chateau belongs to a young prince who is likely to spend the rest of his life mourning an actress whom he loved for three days.

CAN it be possible that the pretty midinette and the adored dead actress are much alike? The Duchess does not say so. But the midinette by this time has become alarmed.

Seized with a sudden claustrophobic dread of this gilded madhouse, she makes off into the park, hoping to catch a tram for Paris, a place which, in her simple plebeian way, she understands. But the park is interminable. She encounters a taxi-cab. It is

overgrown with ivy. Beside the cab is an ice-cream cart. But the vendor has forgotten how to make ice-cream. She is overtaken by the breathless Duchess, who agitatedly tells her that a passing bicyclist is the Prince himself.

Now all this delicately elaborated absurdity, though it seems to lead nowhere, gives us the elated feeling that it may lead quite entrancingly anywhere; and this is no bad impression for any first act to make, whatever the purists may say. Yet when the balloon actually takes off, its flight, for all its hovering elegance, slightly disappoints.

THE sad Prince spends his evenings in the replica of the Viennese café where he drank champagne with his adored actress and the early mornings in the replica of the tavern where they sipped lemonade. What finally liberates him from this

oppression is the plebeian gaiety of the little midinette with the pertness and instancy of whose unforced love no ghost can compete.

It is one of those fantasies where we always seem to be several moves ahead of the author, and M. Anouilh needs all the theatrical expertness he can muster to divert and delay our impatience. However, his expertness is justly celebrated.

MR. PAUL SCOFIELD plays the somewhat boorish Prince with a technical assurance that averts the danger of becoming a mere romantic dummy, and fills out the youth's delusion of grief with a splendid sonority. His new *Léocadia* is Miss Mary Ure, an extraordinarily self-possessed young actress who has not yet the warmth of feeling that the part requires but is admirably decorative. Mr. Geoffrey Dunn is delightful as the head waiter.



The Duchess (Margaret Rutherford) rises to gargantuan heights of eloquence on the subject of love, to the embarrassment of Lord Hector (Richard Goolden) and the exasperation of the head waiter (Geoffrey Dunn)

In our issue of December 8, a caption described Miss Mary Ure as having been trained at the R.A.D.A. She was, in fact, a prize-winning student at the Central School of Speech Training and Dramatic Art. We much regret the error.



Alec Murray

TOAD COMES TO TOWN

LEO McKERN plays the immortal Toad of Toad Hall in the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre's production which opens at the Princes Theatre on December 23rd. It is the first time that this company has presented a non-Shakespeare play in London, and most of the famous characters are being taken by past and present members. The producer is John Kidd

London Limelight

Without benefit of soap

FOR reasons which are obscure, Mr. John Fernald has displayed a duet entitled *Never Get Out*, at the Arts. This is one of those *tour de force* which make the spectator feel discourteous in being critical because of the brilliance of the sustained effort of two performers, in this case Jack Rodney and Hilary Liddell. The story is of a suicidally-minded young woman who returns to the shell of her former home, now a bomb range, and falls in love with an Army deserter who is camping in the ruins.

As a realist (for this was not a fantasy), I could not avoid being obsessed by the fact that the young man had enjoyed only make-shift washing and shaving facilities for a year, an earthy detail which makes this suburban

whimsy thoroughly noisome where it should in theory prove effective. Congratulations are due to the players, but for Mr. Fernald there can be nothing but raised eyebrows.

THE COLISEUM, celebrating its jubilee, has put out a half-crown booklet claiming all sorts of surprising names as its related personalities—Mr. Vic Oliver, for example, whom I have never particularly associated with the building. Nevertheless, the record is impressive, particularly in the 'twenties, when this house not only made music-hall respectable (and thereby assisted in killing it), but preceded radio and TV in broadening the outer slopes of culture. Sarah Bernhardt, the Sakhharoffs, Nazimova and



HILARY LIDDELL and Jack Rodney come to an understanding over sparrow-pie, in *Never Get Out*

Diaghilev all filled this huge auditorium in their turn, but the ballet alone gave value for money, for this is too vast a house for any actor. Still, the old-time comedians did very well there—and without microphones.

JOHN NEVILLE, of the Old Vic, who is not cast in *The Shrew*, is now rehearsing for the lead in the production of *Richard II*. Virginia McKenna is to play the Queen and Eric Porter, Bolingbroke. A vital event for all concerned. Miss McKenna has done pretty well in nice girl parts and has hitherto been given precious little else.

Mr. Neville is now being offered the most dangerous bait in all the Shakespearian repertoire and in our time only Gielgud has seized it successfully. But I think the odds on Mr. Neville are even, which is meant most respectfully.

After this, Miss McKenna gets the plum role in *As You Like It*: wit, charm and a good figure can carry most Rosalinds to victory, and she is well equipped with all these desiderata. Here Paul Rogers is cast as Touchstone, which seems a pity, for surely a Melancholy Jacques from him would have been worth seeing. Still, Robert Helpmann produces, and Mr. Neville should do handsomely by Orlando.

—Youngman Carter

At the Pictures

—Likewise

“Tush”

Elsbeth Grant*



BARBARA RUSH co-stars with Jane Wyman and Rock Hudson in the film *Magnificent Obsession* and again with Rock Hudson in *Captain Lightfoot*, which they made while on location in Ireland



COLLEEN MILLER plays opposite Tony Curtis in her third picture *The Purple Mask*. She was first noticed by talent scouts when photographed with a record 7-lb. trout just caught by her brother

I HAVE the greatest sympathy with the American cinema circuits who are reported to have registered a complaint against *Phffft* as the title of a film—a wispy domestic comedy, starring Miss Judy Holliday and Mr. Jack Lemmon. I think it's a jolly silly title—but the managements concerned had even more cause to deplore it: it was apparently bad for business.

Potential customers, telephoning to ask what was currently on, tended, when given the reply *Phffft*, to sense incivility, take umbrage, say icily “Well, phffft to you, too!”—and stay away from the cinema.

They didn't miss a work of major importance. They did miss the explanation that “phffft” is the noise of a marriage breaking up.

Miss Holliday, a successful writer of the sort of script that must positively be kept off British commercial television, marries Mr. Lemmon, a lawyer-cum-accountant, because he suggests it would be to their advantage to file joint income-tax returns.

To my mind, no marriage based solely on an avoidance of the patter of little income-tax-collectors' feet around the house could be expected to turn out well. I was not surprised that, after eight years, Miss Holliday, reduced to glooming on a sofa while her husband submerged himself in Spillane-like literature, got herself a divorce.

FREEDOM achieved, Miss Holliday takes up French—but is defeated by the Gallic pronunciation of the letter “u.” Mr. Lemmon, liberated, plunges into painting but is dismissed from a life class as being, perhaps, rather a *voyeur* than a *peinteur*. Separately, of course, after these humiliations, they both plump for instruction in dancing the mamba—a measure which, on first sight of the back-work involved, I would guess was originally devised as a remedial exercise for slipped discs.

Having mastered the requisite contortions, they meet by chance at a nightclub and dance together—after which, I scarcely need to tell you, they realize they are madly in love and not all the efforts of Miss Kim Novak, who has sought to lighten Mr. Lemmon's darkness, and Mr. Jack Carson, who's tried to make the Holliday happy, can prevent them from re-marrying.

It's a pretty thin piece and though Miss Novak is charmingly constructed and Miss Holliday still a past-mistress of timing (with a voice which periodically suffers a nervous breakdown), I felt one dumb blonde in a film would always be quite enough for me. This is a point upon which I find myself at variance with most of my male colleagues. Very odd.



Jack Lemmon willingly capitulates to the agreeable threat of Kim Novak

Mr. David Niven gives an astonishingly (for me) sympathetic and persuasive performance in the title role of *Carrington, V.C.*—a film version, directed by Mr. Anthony Asquith, of the moving play by Dorothy and Campbell Christie.

The adaptation for the screen has been skilfully made and there is nothing stagily static about the court martial at which the harassed Carrington, charged with misapplication of Army Funds, absence without leave and entertaining a W.R.A.C. officer in his bedroom, conducts his own defence with such patent belief in the justice of his cause that the audience, at least, is convinced of his innocence. Miss Margaret Leighton is beautifully despicable as his neurotic wife, Miss Noelle Middleton, as the W.R.A.C. Captain who champions him, is impeccably an officer and a lady, and there are splendid performances from Messrs. Victor Maddern (pay sergeant), Geoffrey Keen (President of the Court) and Mark Dignam (the Prosecutor).

THAT delightful book, *Make Me An Offer*, by Mr. Wolf Mankowitz, is brought to the screen by Group 3. In this pleasant, modest film, directed by Mr. Cyril Frankel, Mr. Wilfrid Lawson fruitfully plays the East End street-market dealer who introduces his small son to the Portland vase and thus provides him with a dream and a purpose.

Peter Finch is most attractive as the boy grown up, and demonstrates that to achieve a purpose and realise a dream, a blend of fanaticism and sharp practice is just the job. Miss Rosalie Crutchley gives a lovely performance as his work-worn, ever-loving wife and Miss Adrienne Corri is fetching as a deceptively scatty redhead.

BREATH-TAKINGLY boisterous, *Seven Brides for Seven Brothers* is a musical which

I imagine will appeal to the widest public. It is earthy and lusty enough to delight the groundlings, yet—thanks to Mr. Michael Kidd, who arranged the dances—it has a remarkable, balletic quality which cannot fail to beguile the highbrows. Under Mr. Stanley Donen's direction, the story—of a new “rape of the Sabine women,” carried out by seven lonely Oregon backwoods batchelors—moves at the Dickens of a lick.

Apart from the stars, Mr. Howard Keel and Miss Jane Powell, all the cast are new to me—and all of them are unbelievably agile and simply busting with talent and vitality. I don't see how you can fail to enjoy this film.

* Deputising for Dennis W. Clarke.



LUCRETIA
BORGIA

MARTINE CAROL appears in the title role of Christian Jacque's lavish costume drama based on the life of the notorious Renaissance beauty, who was used as a perpetual marriage pawn by her unscrupulous brother Cesare Borgia. The film is in Technicolor and the part of Cesare is played by Pedro Armendariz

Television

FOR THE FAMILY

Freda Bruce Lockhart



THIS year's TV Christmas plans promise a reasonably well-judged reflection of the average family's four days of Christmas holiday. To-morrow,

very properly, the children get a circus from Paris.

On Christmas Eve it is delightful that Menotti's magical Christmas opera, *Amahl and the Night Visitors*, is to be repeated, and appropriate that the European Exchange programme should be Midnight Mass from the Cathedral of Notre Dame de Paris.

Amahl was one of TV's happiest creations last year, and if M. Charles Vignol's voice does not break before the crucial evening he will again be the poor boy who entertains the Three Kings.

ON Christmas Day, no sense in being patronising about the Christmas Party. Hosted by those familiars, MacDonald Hobley and Leslie Mitchell, with Harry (Goon) Secombe as licensed jester, and other old faithful guests, it is a fair equivalent to the kind of romps most families

stage for their own entertainment on Christmas Day. While N. G. Hunter's *A Party for Christmas* should be just the right gentle piece for those who might be wanting to look at a TV play on Christmas Night.

Sunday, of course, is the awkward day, neither Christmas nor Boxing. For that evening, TV promise a little-known Pirandello, *The Captive*, starring Harcourt Williams.

Finally, on Boxing Day, TV accepts the pantomime fever and puts on that old warhorse of an Aldwych farce, *Tons of Money*. All in all, the TV set may safely be turned on any time you feel like it over Christmas.

Gramophone Notes

BEST OF TEMPOS



HERE are some more records suitable as possible Christmas presents or to add to the gaiety of any informal party.

Francisco Cavez and his orchestra with vocal quartet present "Mambo in the Moonlight" and "Acapulco Joe." This record is on the special order list, and if one has to wait to obtain it, it is worth being patient. (Parlophone D.P.404.)

Popular Ian Stewart plays a selection of Scottish and Irish waltzes, coupling it with a side devoted to Scottish quicksteps. This is an Extended Play. (Parlophone G.E.P. 8510.)

"Hutch" makes nostalgia effective with four of his biggest record, stage, and cabaret successes: "Begin the Beguine," "These Foolish Things," "Solitude," and "Smoke Gets in Your Eyes," also E.P. (Parlophone G.E.P. 8505.)

There are two Victor Silvester strict tempo records for dancing played with all the usual Silvester smoothness—the titles are "I Still Believe," "You Still Mean the Same to Me," "Lovable and Sweet," and "Santo Natale." (Columbia F.B. 3726, 3727.)

A SELECTION of the music from that highly original and successful British musical *Salad Days* is at last available to the many who've been wanting it. Played, as in the show at the Vaudeville Theatre in London, by the talented young composer Julian Slade, this is an enchanting recording and a delightful change from the present spate of "cool" music. (Parlophone R. 3927.)

Lena Horne (M.-G.-M. E.P. 503) and Billy Eckstine (M.-G.-M. E.P. 511) both give a choice of four of their best-known successes, and Sid Phillips with his band goes to town with "Muskrat Ramble" and "Forty Cups of Coffee" (H.M.V. BD. 6182). Ella Mae Morse (Capitol Ch. 14176) reappears with "The Point of No Return," and "Give a Little Time," so does Nellie Lutcher singing "Breezing Along With The Breeze," and "Blues In The Night." (Brunswick 05352.)

—Robert Tredinnick

MEMBERS OF MANY HUNTS DANCED WITH HEYTHROP



Mr. J. D. Burton, Miss Sylvia Colling, Miss Jennifer Mackinnon, the daughter of the house, and Mr. Mark Evans



Major Peter Starkey and the Hon. Mrs. Anthony Samuel, wife of Viscount Bearsted's younger son, were talking to friends



Miss B. Green and Major P. Forsythe-Forrest were sitting out on the stairs. Dancing went on until the early hours



Three couples in conversation around the fire. Mrs. R. Harding-Newman and Mr. and Mrs. ... supper at a specially erected marquee behind

THE Heythrop held their successful Hunt Ball at the lovely home of one of the joint-masters, Mrs. Duncan Mackinnon, of Swinbrook House, Burford, Oxon. It was attended by more than 350 guests, who included members of many neighbouring hunts, for the Heythrop country adjoins that of the Warwickshire, V.W.H. and others



Captain Ronnie Wallace and Mrs. Duncan Mackinnon, two of the Hunt's three Joint-Masters, welcoming guests at the ball



Deep in conversation outside the ballroom were Mr. Tom Pearman, Miss Penelope Shilson, Mr. John Gilbey and Miss Carole Merchant



were Major and Mrs. B. Barnett, Col. and S. Till. At midnight there was a break for house. The Heythrop Hunt dates back to 1835



Mr. Charles Smith-Ryland, the polo player was listening to Viscountess Melgund, who is the wife of the Earl of Minto's son and heir

Desmond O'Neill

Standing By ...

D. B. Wyndham Lewis

ON the mottled pans of hard girls to hounds may still (reports our Special Shires Correspondent, "Toutou") be viewed a pout of envy at that record-breaking jump of 7 ft. 2 in. made by Miss Pat Smythe on Prince Hal at Brussels. Taking a stiff fence or two at this height, as thousands cheer, is apparently the nightly dream of many a leathery sweetheart this season.

We asked a hard girl about this last week. In her case every such dream-jump involves a graceful parabola ending in a direct hit on the Master, who expires forthwith, to the general delight, in a tempest of oaths. She then wakes up, still glowing, but we don't see why such a jolly dream should end there. As we view it the Joint Master, though terrified, takes over at once. By this time the hard girl is well up in the first flight, taking every fence at 7' 2" and landing, each time on some detestable rival ("Thrustin' little —" snarls Colonel Harkaway with his last breath). As the fox breaks from scent to view what remains of the field stops dead in amazement, perceiving the hard girl to be galloping desperately in the air above, like a Valkyrie. She has done the high-jump trick once too often and can't get down. A brisk right-and-left from the Joint Master's gun eventually solves this problem.

Reflection

SURTEES should have thought of this fascinating development. One can hear the huzzahs of the field and the admiring tributes as the hard girl lands.

1st Hunt Servant: Did she not seem to you, Cyril, like some beautiful wild swan wounded in mid-flight?

2nd H.S.: Say rather, Ernest, some exquisite, opulent flower swooning earthwards in the autumn breeze.

A Husky Voice: Might one, Ernest, judging by the language, phrase it more simply: "A typical well-pipped English Rose?"

That would be the fox. One more shot from the Joint Master would teach him to keep his trap shut when a lady subscriber takes a toss. (End dream.)

Selectivity

WHAT a gossip-boy meant by describing a well-known Piccadilly shop as "probably the most exclusive bookshop in the

world" we're still trying to imagine. You certainly don't need a pass from the Lord Chamberlain to get into it at any time. We've often seen the lowest *canaille*, such as unsuccessful booksy boys and Sunday paper critics, ambulating round the place unchecked, though possibly under observation.

Maybe the boy was expressing a wish-thought, we conclude. Perhaps he feels about these things as a girl-librarian we knew at the Bibliotheque Nationale used to feel. When forced to hand us a book her icy expression said quite clearly: "You are not the social type we care to encourage here. I cannot imagine why the bouncers let you in. Maman warned me to expect some shocks, but I never expected this. I hand over this book with genuine reluctance and unmitigated contempt." Our impression was that she had some deeprooted family grievance. Possibly some nasty author of our type had chased her great-great-great-great-grandmother soon after the first printing-press in France was installed at the Sorbonne (1469).

In a really exclusive bookshop there'd be special pens with special books for the riffraff, and little grilles would enable rich women to peep at them. My dear, just look at their ears!

Tasty

IT certainly makes a change, as the Hollywood sweetheart said when she succeeded in sticking to her eighth husband for six weeks, to find the publicity-boys suddenly launching the phrase "a tasty taste" in connection with British food. Note incidentally that the printer nobly resisted temptation over that first "t." Good for you, brother.

By and large—whatever this may mean—it might be said that the basic difference between British and American cookery is that the one tastes pretty awful and the other has no taste at all. What the boys call "a tasty taste"—presumably a taste recalling, or reminding one of, taste—would therefore be more of a shock in the States. One hears the cry of surprise echoing through some vast, glittering American kitchen, one sees the dazed, rolling eyes in a plump, kindly black face. Glory sakes, what done give ma Baby de sicks? In a British kitchen nobody would need to ask.

O swallow, sister, O rapid swallow,
I pray thee sing not a little space . . .



Afterthought

SWINBURNE's sister (unless she was somebody else's) was evidently one of those girls who bolt their food to get it over quickly, and then make a song about it. "Here comes the Swedish Nightingale," a headwaiter of the 1880's would say, grinding his teeth. "I'll be the death of that musical baby if the chef doesn't get in first." However, good form forbids the faintest squeak from the Race nowadays, and we are now taking you over to see the TV Cookery Ace in his snowy white *barrette*, holding up some tasty tins.

Sensation

GORGED with its daily ration of film-actresses' legs and bosoms and satiated with near-nude bathing-beauties, wet or dry, of every shape and size, the picture-paper public got a nice shock the other Monday morning, we guess, when it found itself faced with a front-page picture of a sweetheart in a hip-bath with all her clothes on. The public is debating it still over a nice cup of tea, we guess.

She was in this position, apparently, when a Press photographer happened to call. It struck him instantly (and rightly) as News, but we like to think his picture-editor, a pessimist like all his kind, was sceptical.

"No good."

"Why not?"

"Why is she in the bath with all her clothes on?"

"Well, can't you see? She's painting a picture. She's an artist—you know, Bohemian."

"This will need a lot of explanation, Flashback."

"Well, those who can read can tell the others."

"Hrm."

The caption-boys ultimately did their best by explaining that she found this method of painting comfortable, thus justifying the risk; but we doubt if this answers every question in the public mind. It quite probably feels itself cheated to begin with because there was plainly no water in the bath. And if a real artist, why all those clothes? Eh? What's the idea of wearing a smile and a blouse and skirt? What?

It makes you think—the last kind of burden to inflict on the citizenry, and we hope the picture-paper boys don't regret their impulse.

BRIGGS



—by Graham



Karsh, Ottawa

A GREAT FRENCH OWNER

To the choice of long-pedigreed racehorses, M. Marcel Boussac brings the qualities that have made him a master of industry

MARCEL BOUSSAC, millionaire racehorse owner, is perfectly groomed, sparing of words and unsmiling. He is quiet of manner, remote, yet ever courteous and correct. He cannot, or will not, speak English, but is the perfect host to his English guests. At home, he is the organising genius behind a vast chain of works, with 25,000 employees, which cover the whole range of textile production

THE MILLION POUND NEWMARKET SALES

IN the most fabulous day's bidding ever seen at Newmarket Yearling Sales, Mr. G. and Mr. A. Askew retained the mares Festoon and Refreshed for Britain at the price of 66,000 gns. Prices generally broke all records



Festoon being led out of the ring after only three-and-a-half minutes' bidding, having been sold to Mr. G. Askew for 36,000 gns.—£300 more than the previous record for brood mares



Left: The Earl of Harrington, the Marchioness of Cambridge, Major the Hon. H. Broughton and Mrs. John Critchley-Salman-son during the first day of the Sales

Right: Mrs. Elizabeth Graham (Elizabeth Arden), who paid a record price of 19,000 gns. on the first day for Fair Trial, was with (standing) Mrs. E. M. Haslam



At The Races

WHAT'S ON THE CARD?



PINK coats, making such a nice splash of colour, they have always been very popular with the Christmas card artists; and this is quite as it should be at this particular season of the year; and it is heart-warming to observe that the practice still carries on, even if some of the artists cannot draw a horse or a hound quite as well as Caldecott used to, and as Lionel Edwards still does.

There is one thing for which we ought to be thankful to the artists, and that is, that they have ceased to link fox-hunting with an advanced state of alcoholic poisoning! That may have been justified in the days of "the three bottle men," Tony Lumpkin and such like, but going out hunting with a terrible hang-over and a headache you could photograph, ceased to be considered the hallmark of a gentleman about a century ago!

People also gave up eating for four or five hours on end after hunting, and now prefer, say, half-a-dozen oysters, a bit of pheasant and any kind of sweet after it that may come handy. Oceans of port and those prolonged feasts went

out about the same time that Pomponius Ego got so drunk with John Jorrocks, M.F.H., after that memorable day.

TEMPORARILY, at any rate, we are relieved from the submarine state of affairs which has so far prevailed north, south, east and west over these once-blessed British Isles; and keeping our fingers crossed, let us hope that we have seen the worst of it; but it would be very unsafe to gamble upon this!

It certainly looked as if the only people who would dare to go racing were the frogmen, who can remain under water for such a long time, and as if all the horses would have to be fitted with periscopes. For the moment we have not been compelled to resort to such extreme measures, but we never can tell!

Lord Hothfield, it is to be noted, told those who were at the Gimcrack Dinner that the Chancellor of the Exchequer is the only man who cannot lose money at racing. I would venture to suggest, however, that this is a terminological inexactitude, and that there are many others, amongst them the man who does

not bet on every race, and the man who only races for the fun of the thing. There are quite a few of them, and there always have been.

Nor one of the many who have spoken and written about Sir Winston Churchill's colourful eighty years seems to have remembered that he was once the No. 1 of the 4th Hussars' polo team, a cracking good one when it was at its peak. The front end of the attack was the very right position for one who is so fond of fighting, and I am sure that Sir Winston would have been miscast anywhere else.

Personal reminiscences are always apt to be rather boring, but I have a left shoulder which is still stiff as a result of a fall, for which our present Prime Minister was responsible. The 4th Hussar team came up to Calcutta for the Indian Polo Association Championship, and as their visit happened to coincide with that murderous form of amusement, "Paperchasing," in which fields of sometimes over sixty used to start, they naturally came out to see the fun.

The 4th Hussar No. 1 crossed me two fences out and down came a very nice little horse I was riding named Little Samson, owned by my old and much-regretted friend Alaric Butler. When I had walked back to the road, the usual "cuss you," and "I never did no such thing, blast you," order of altercation, naturally ensued. Neither side was willing to give in, and so the argument was left unsettled, but I still stick to my story, and I produce my damaged shoulder as exhibit A.

—SABRETACHE



Mr. Nicholas Hirsch and the Countess of Harrington, who was very smartly and most suitably attired for the occasion, were deep in their catalogues



Mme. Savard, of Paris, a French stud owner, comparing notes with Mrs. Vincent O'Brien, wife of the celebrated Irish trainer. Many prospective buyers from abroad were bidding



Count Brignac, who is manager to the leading French owner, M. Boussac, was listening to Sir Gordon Richards



Two more visitors to the sales were Mr. and Mrs. Brian Gethin. The 192 lots sold on the second day—nine privately—was a record for one day's sale in England



Discussing the exciting bidding were the Hon. J. J. Astor, the Countess of Derby, Mrs. Philip Dunne and the Hon. Mrs. J. J. Astor. A total of more than a million and a quarter pounds was raised at these record sales

SIR KENNETH CLARK has selected 57 out of the collection of 600 drawings by Leonardo da Vinci in the Royal Library, at Windsor Castle, for a beautifully-produced volume published by the Phaidon Press at 15s. They outline the Master's style at every period of his life. This reproduction is of Neptune with Sea Horses



Book Reviews

by

Elizabeth Bowen

MR. BALCHIN'S SORCERY

WHO, in their day, has not loved a bore? Or at least, been subject to the compulsion which a likeable, honest-to-God bore can exercise? Nigel Balchin's *LAST RECOLLECTIONS OF MY UNCLE CHARLES* (Collins; 12s. 6d.) is an engaging picture of a relation many of us have known: with every page, I am bound to say, one comes more and more to share the "I" of the story's resigned affection for Uncle Charles.

For this type, placidly selfish, amiably idle, was disfigured by neither obsession nor dank egotism. And, better still, he had run into quite a number of different people and curious situations in his time.

Throughout the changing scenes of life, Uncle Charles has remained, both by will and taste, what one might call a strenuous non-participant. Having spent a lifetime [his nephew says] in avoiding trouble, effort, or even any kind of strong emotion, he was never a very profound observer, and to the end his attitude to many things was that of an elderly undergraduate. Moreover his conversation, like that of Coleridge, was always "very discursive and continuous," and it gradually became more so. If it is felt that these stories take too long to tell, and fail to stick to such point as they contain, I can only plead that they take far less long, and stick to the point a great deal more closely, than they did when they were told to me.

In fact, respectfully streamlined (or should one say, ever so slightly pruned) by Mr. Balchin, Uncle Charles's narrations become spellbinders. The author has, somehow, transmitted them without losing any of the glorious flatness of the dear old boy's habitual way of talk. When one remembers that Uncle Charles happened to have as his nephew a master story-teller, this is not surprising. And now, through the medium of Uncle Charles, Mr. Balchin gives us a series of incidents as surprising, as disconcertingly odd, yet as true to life (life as it really is) as any contained in his own novels. Uncle Charles, verbally pottering along, does indeed disclose to us situations no less grim, *denouements* no less satirical, than those of Maupassant or Mr. Somerset Maugham.

SOME, such as Uncle Charles's attempt to murder a colonel during World War One, are comedies of character, and "Mine Host" and "Arthur in Avalon" might also go into that class. "Mrs. Sludge," which features a lady medium, leaves us face-to-face with the inexplicable—the truth which outs, somehow, from a haze of charlatanry. "The County Wench" has a gleam of pathetic beauty unable to be damped-down by Uncle Charles. "Patience," with its admirably surprising end, deals with a confidence trick in the South of France.

One must, however, admit that the finest tales, the masterpieces, are those most nearly told in the Balchin manner: "The Bars of the Cage," "The Forgetful Man" and "Among Friends" could each of them, had the author liked, been expanded into full-length novels.

About the start of the telling of "Among Friends" there is—may one complain?—one

improbability. Josephine, heroine of the story, is introduced by Uncle Charles as being "my brother Fred's daughter." In that case, she would have been the first cousin of the "I" to whom the story is told, and, therefore, surely, already known by him? Would it have been necessary for Uncle Charles to explain or to picture Josephine so fully?

QUEEN ANNE'S SON, by Hester Chapman (Andre Deutsch; 12s. 6d.), is the beautifully told story of a Royal small boy. It is, I believe, generally thought (certainly I was subject to this error) that none of that sad woman's numerous children did—if, indeed, born alive at all—survive past earliest infancy. William, her fourth child and eldest son, in fact lived to see his eleventh birthday—though only just.

Born on July 24th, 1689, the sixth anniversary of Princess Anne's wedding day, he was given the title of the Duke of Gloucester. The childlessness of his uncle and aunt, William and Mary, dually-reigning sovereigns, made the infant Gloucester heir to the throne—and, in those uncertain times, of immense importance from the point of view of the Protestant succession. Intrigue and a complex playing-for-power therefore surrounded him from the cradle on.

This delicate little boy had *got* to live; and, of those who desired that he should do so, no one was more desirous than himself. Reading this book, one gets a curious feeling that a whole life *was* lived within those eleven years. His zest, his humours, his curiosity, his childish but real personal dignity, his independence, his plans emerge from what might have been deadening trappings of state.

[Continued on page 772]



DANUTA LASKOWSKA illustrates *I Kiss Your Hands*. (Miniature Books: The Rodale Press; 5s.) A charming and decorative edition of the letters between Guy de Maupassant and Marie Bashkirtseff, one of the most celebrated painters of her day. Two page headings are shown



ITALIAN AMBASSADOR BADE FAREWELL

H. E. the Italian Ambassador, who is taking up a diplomatic post in the United States, said good-bye, with Mme. Brosio, to their many friends at a party given at the Italian Embassy



Mme. Cools was chatting to Mme. Hägglöf, who is the wife of the Swedish Ambassador



Mr. Henry Tiarks, the banker, was in conversation with the Marchioness of Dufferin and Ava




Left: Princess Margharita of Baden with Mrs. Christopher Soames, the Prime Minister's youngest daughter, wife of his Parliamentary Private Secretary

Right: Lord Mancroft was emphasizing a point to Mrs. Henry Tiarks and the Hon. Mrs. Charles Rhys, who is the wife of Lord Dinevor's heir



H.E. the Italian Ambassador and Mme. Brosio wait for their guests, who were some 600 in number, to arrive at the party

SCENE OF CHANGES



The jacket of the two-piece, made of black lace mounted upon a foundation of grey poulx, can either be fastened right up to the throat or worn open as shown here. The sleeves are three-quarter length and the waist closely fitted. The pale, shell-pink rose belongs to the dress

With this in your wardrobe
a party hazard disappears

THERE must be few women who have never known that ghastly feeling of arriving at a party to find oneself either in an afternoon dress surrounded by naked arms and shoulders, or else far too décolleté amidst a decorous horde of long sleeves and high necks. Since the covered-up top arrived, such débâcles have become more rare, and two seconds can now transform us from the female equivalent of a dinner jacket to the female equivalent of tails. The Susan Small dress shown on the opposite page strikes us as one of the best transformations we have found for a long time. It costs 25½ guineas and comes from Derry & Toms, who also supply hat, bag and gloves



Here we show the frock worn as an evening dress without its jacket, showing the graceful halter neckline and the enchanting little shaped silk chiffon bodice gauged into the appliquéd lace below. The skirt is very straight and narrow



A CHOICE FOR THE WEEK by Mariel Deans

Close up view of the little rose-pink velvet cocktail hat which costs £4 3s. 6d. and of the cord-embroidered grosgrain bag, the price of which is £3 12s. 6d. The six button-length pale-pink jersey gloves are very reasonably priced indeed at 6s. 11d.

John French

The most eloquent of Europe's ambassadors

*Speaking, from Hammerfest to Cadiz,
the universal language of fashion*

A WELL-DRESSED woman may now order her evening clothes from Paris, her tweeds from London and her day dresses from Italy; with fill-ins from America, Spain, Austria, Holland, Germany and the Scandinavian countries as well. Here then, for our Christmas week number, we show a selection of evening glamour from all over Europe

—MARIEL DEANS

LONDON Two ball gowns by Norman Hartnell. Left, "Fine Feathers," an oyster-grey satin dress embroidered with opalescent paillettes and sequins. Right, "Lilypond," a dress with a white satin bodice and enormous pond-green tulle skirt trimmed with huge white waterlilies



PARIS Below, from Manguin's winter collection. A long, full evening coat in a soft golden-beige wool face cloth. Right, a model from Jacques Fath's last collection, this narrow black jersey dress has a low waistline marked by a grosgrain band around the hips. Notice the lovely tucked bodice



Nicole Bukzin



DUBLIN "Pied Piper" from Sybil Connolly's winter collection. The saffron tweed skirt is topped by a finely pleated white Irish linen bodice and black velvet bolero jacket. The skirt material is that used for the Irish dancing kilt

Alec Murray

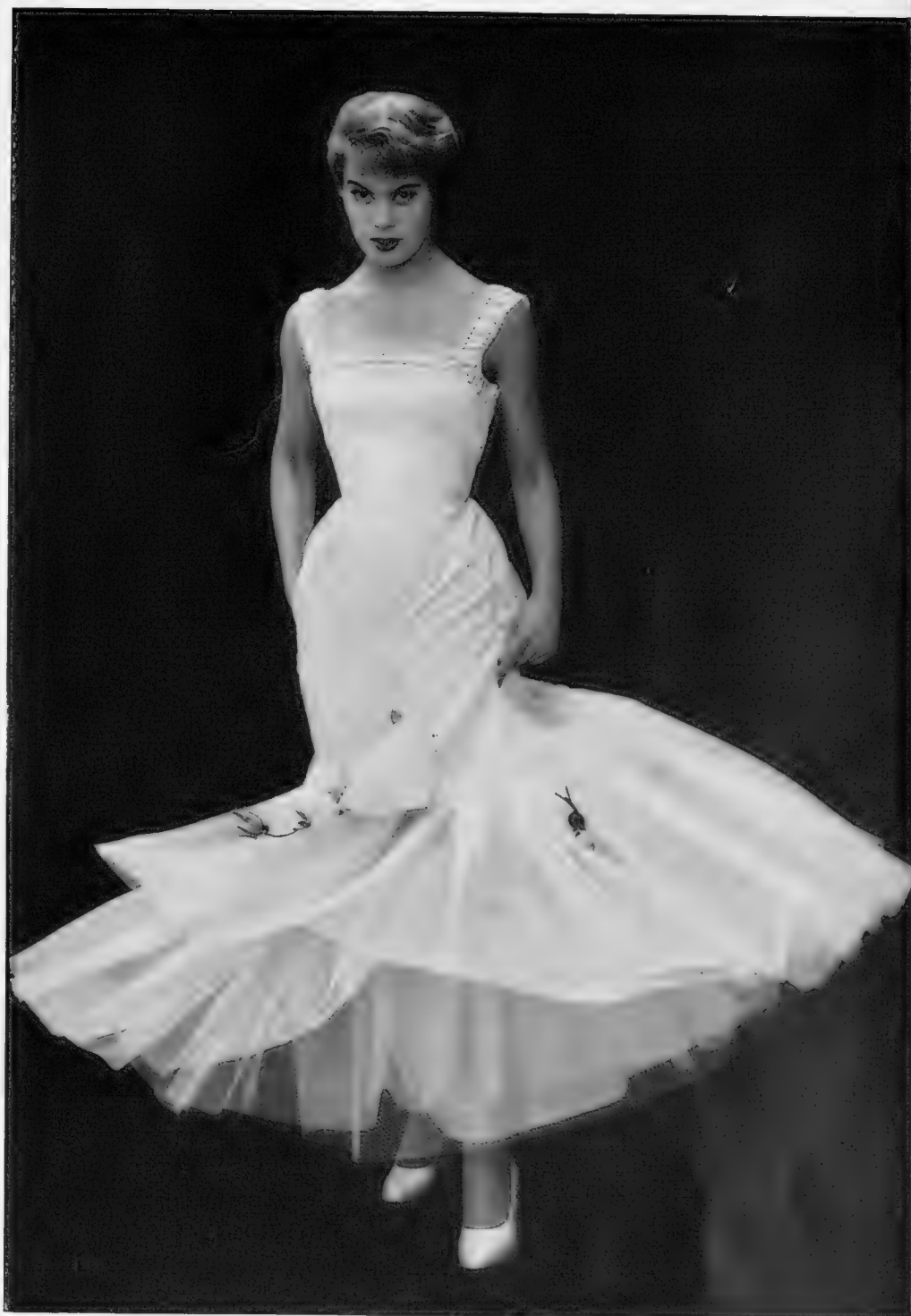
Envoys from the salons

ONCE upon a time there was only one centre of fashion—Paris. Today it is a stronghold of new ideas and true elegance, but a stronghold on which assaults are now being made by many different nations

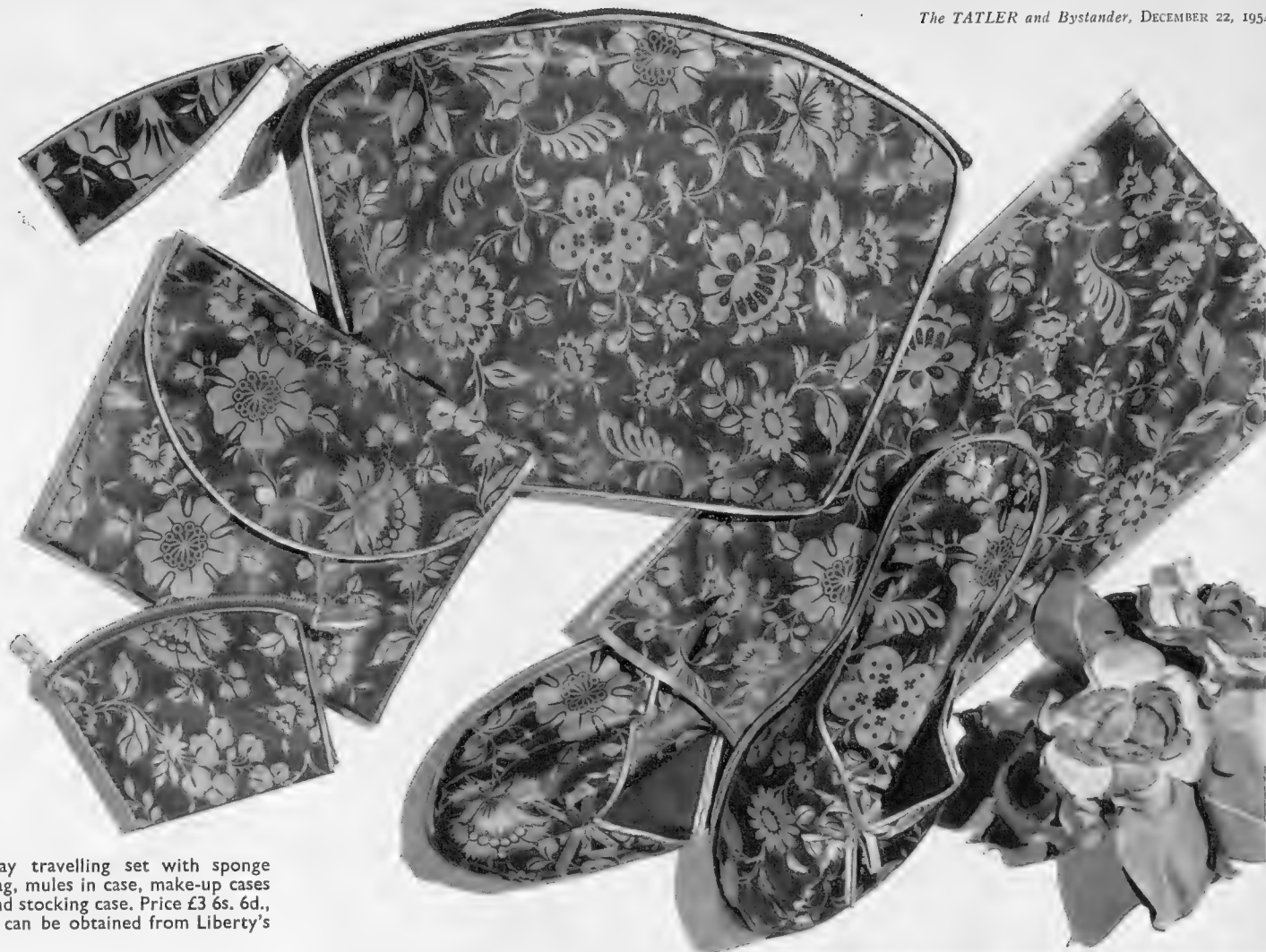
ROME Two evening dresses in fine wool jersey by Antonelli. Below, a scarlet dress, trimmed with silvery paillettes, has the fullness of the skirt drapery held by a silver cord. Right, a fog-grey picture frock has its long bodice and wide neck-line outlined in black velvet



conclude an entente



MUNICH A dress for a young girl from the collection of Binder Werle. This pretty affair in white tulle, trimmed with Swiss lace and a cluster of palest pink roses, combines a look of extreme youth with a great deal of chic



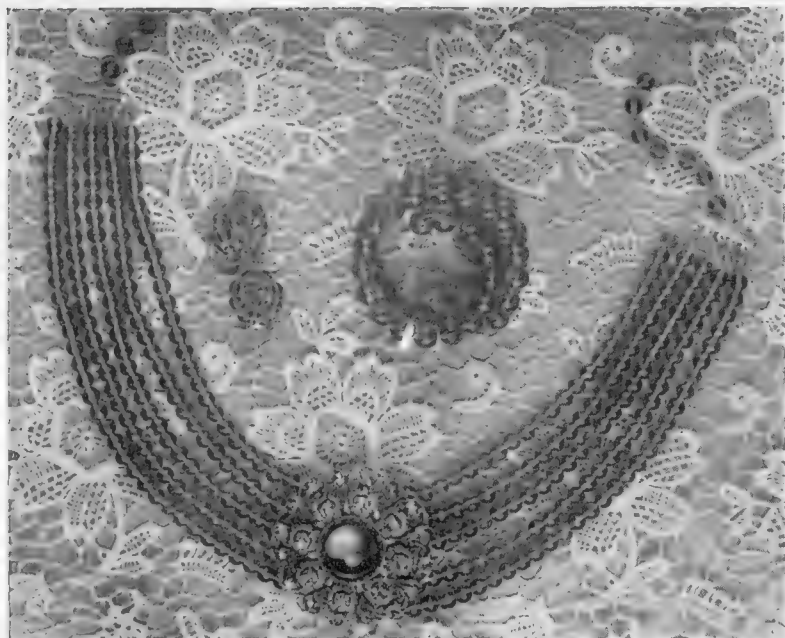
Gay travelling set with sponge bag, mules in case, make-up cases and stocking case. Price £3 6s. 6d., it can be obtained from Liberty's

Eleventh Hour

LAST minute shoppers are in full cry. "What to give, what to give?"—that is their burden. We hope that some of the things shown on these pages may provide the answer — JEAN CLELAND



Above: For the party frock, this lovely evening bag with matching belt, from Italy. Bag, £3 13s. 6d., belt, £2 7s. 6d. From Woollands



Left: The strand blue glass necklace costs 17s. 6d., detachable brooch 7s., bracelet 9s. 6d., ear-rings 5s. 9d. All from Liberty's

Right: Black grosgrain bag with novelty ball-top opening. Price 9 guineas. From Debenham & Freebody



Dennis Smith

Left: Smart envelope cocktail bag in black grosgrain, lined with moiré silk. Fitted with compact, purse, mirror and comb. Other compartments for make-up, cigarettes, etc. Price 79s. 6d. Marshall & Snelgrove



Shopping List

A PRESENT FROM ITALY

EVEN the most methodical of Christmas shoppers may find that at the last minute they are short of one or two presents. Here to help them is some new Tuscan china, convenient giftware that is elastic as regards price. Large plates, beautifully decorated with fruit, can be bought separately at 6s. 6d., for hanging on the wall, to give colour to a room or in a set of six for dessert. Small plates at 3s. 9d. each make delightful ashtrays or bon-bon dishes. The same thing applies to another series, portraying the "Cries of London." Large plates



A small finely framed print from Liberty's of Regent Street. This is one of a Cézanne picture

9s. 9d., small ones 4s. From most good stores.

It occurs to me that quite apart from the gift aspect, these lovely plates would make delightful prizes to present at parties.

★ ★ ★

ANOTHER good last minute idea is supplied by French of London, who has an unusually comprehensive gift voucher scheme. Vouchers can be exchanged according to price for a new hair style, a permanent wave, a manicure, or something from the Boutique Department, which has a large variety of attractive jewellery and accessories.

Talking of beauty, the many devotees of Floris scents and bath essences will be pleased to hear that these sweet-smelling luxuries are now available at No. 2 Beauchamp Place. Floris who, until a few weeks ago, operated only from Jermyn Street, tell me that the new arrangement has been made for the greater convenience of clients living farther west.

I saw at Liberty's an idea which should, I think, have a wide appeal, especially to those who are fond of pictures. Prints have been made of works by many famous artists, such as Toulouse-Lautrec, Degas, Gauguin, and are being sold mounted and

framed. The one we show is "Man with a Pipe," by Cézanne, and costs 15s. All these little pictures are inexpensive, and would make a distinguished and colourful collection for a small room.

★ ★ ★

FROM State Express comes a bright idea, with this half-pint English pewter tankard, containing an airtight tin of fifty cigarettes. Price 27s. 6d. This is an extremely practical and substantial gift for any smoker, at remarkably moderate cost.



When all the cigarettes have gone, the tankard will keep the Christmas memory green



Tuscan china plates, which are perfect gifts for houseproud home lovers

Beauty

FACE THE DAY
GALLANTLY

Jean Cleland

THREE more days and we're off. Off to all the thrill and excitement that is part of the special magic of Christmas Day. For weeks we have been preparing, choosing presents, writing cards, posting parcels, decorating rooms, and, as the rush increases, saying at intervals that we shall be thankful when it is all over. Yet, when the Day itself arrives, all that will be forgotten in the joy of family gatherings, meeting with old friends, opening gifts, pulling crackers, eating—far too much—drinking and junketing and being one with the children. For that day we shall want to put not only our best feet, but our best faces forward. However tired we may feel, we shall want to look bright and on top of the world. How to efface weariness, and lift the looks to gaiety? That is the question



So much has still to be done in these last pre-Christmas days that few of us will have much time for elaborate beauty treatments; yet, if it is possible to spare an hour for a visit to one of the salons, nothing is more swiftly rewarding. The short rest in itself, stretched out on a long couch, and relaxing in a soothing atmosphere, does wonders.

Failing the luxury of a salon, there are various effective ways of refreshing the looks in one's own home that can quite easily be fitted into the last minute rush. My advice is to start with the bath which, taken what I call luxuriously, provides one of the very best ways of relaxing, and of taking the ache out of tired limbs. While doing this, one can incorporate a facial treatment which pays good dividends and saves valuable time.

FOR the kind of luxurious bath I have in mind, I recommend one of the sweetly scented bath oils, which, in addition to scenting the water, have a beautifully softening effect on the skin, and help to make the whole body supple and pliant, which is invaluable when it has been rather strung up and taut. Coty and Yardley both make excellent oils of this kind, and there is a new bubbling one by Lenthéric, which gives a lively look to the water.

Before getting in, hold a face cloth under

the hot tap, wring it out, and place it over the face. As it cools, have another hot cloth ready, and replace it with this. Alternate the cloths several times until the face is really warm, then, while the pores are still open, cleanse thoroughly with a deep cleansing preparation. A good one for the purpose is a liquid cream made by Helena Rubinstein, which penetrates extra deep, and draws out all impurities.

WHEN the skin is thoroughly clean, massage with a rich nutritive skin food. Use it fairly lavishly, work in as much as you can for a few minutes, and leave a good surplus to soak in while you are in the bath. The steam from the hot water helps this, and

makes a good beauty treatment on its own.

On coming out of the bath, do not have a hurried dry, rush into your clothes, and make-up as quickly as possible. Wipe off the surplus water, then sprinkle a rough loofah liberally with eau-de-Cologne—having just wrung it out in cold water—and rub yourself with it vigorously from top to toe—excluding the face, of course—until the whole body is in a glow. The sense of renewed invigoration this gives must be felt to be believed.

Put on a few clothes or dressing-gown to keep warm, and then complete the treatment on your face. Wipe off the cream and pat briskly with skin tonic to whip up the circulation and close the pores. Now spread on a face pack, which can be left to do its uplifting work while you complete your dressing. There are always experts willing to make a suitable choice of packs for you, according to whether your skin is dry or oily. You may need something to clear away a few blemishes or to improve and lighten the colour.

Masks and packs to fit these various requirements are made all ready for use at home, and provide the quickest and most effective way of enlivening a complexion that is looking tired and jaded. They take only about ten minutes to dry, so no time is wasted by putting one on while dressing.

As always, the foundation is the underlying secret upon which the success of a good make-up stands or falls. Especially is this true on some special occasion, such as Christmas Day, when the make-up has to preserve a matt finish that must last for many hours. As a rule—for everyday use—I recommend cream foundation for a dry skin, and liquid for one that is oily.

When, however, one is likely to be indoors in hot rooms for hours on end—as on Christmas Day—a liquid foundation is likely to be the best bid for all types of skin. Dryness can now be guarded against by using a new liquid one called "Sheer Beauty." Made by Lenthéric, this contains a special softening agent, which keeps even a dry skin soft and smooth.



Two exquisite compacts from the Continent, with beautiful ornamentation. They are priced at £7 12s. 6d. and £9 15s., from Marshall & Snelgrove

SOME RECENT ENGAGEMENTS



Pearl Freeman

Miss Elizabeth Anne Locker, daughter of the late Mr. J. W. D. Locker, O.B.E., and of Mrs. Locker, of Coombe Bissett, Salisbury, Wilts, is engaged to Mr. J. R. de W. Kitcat, son of Cdr. J. de Winton Kitcat, D.S.O., R.N. (retd.), and Mrs. Kitcat, of Blyth, Northumberland



Lenare

Miss Ursula Medlicott, youngest daughter of the late Col. H. E. Medlicott, D.S.O., and of Mrs. Medlicott, of Wherwell Manor Farm, Andover, is to marry Mr. William Lloyd George, younger son of Major the Rt. Hon. and Mrs. G. Lloyd George, of The Lordship, Cottered, Hertfordshire



Pearl Freeman

Miss Nancy Arlette Hoare, youngest daughter of the late Captain A. Seymour Hoare, and of Mrs. Hoare, of Cadogan Gardens, London, S.W.3, has announced her engagement to Mr. A. C. Beresford Chancellor, younger son of Mr. and Mrs. F. Beresford Chancellor, of Warcop, Westmorland



Harlip

Miss Sally Talbot-Willcox, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. Talbot-Willcox, of Headingley, Cobham, Surrey, is to marry next summer Mr. Jeremy Vyryan Ropner, the younger son of Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Ropner, of Middleton Lodge, Middleton Tyas, Richmond, Yorkshire



Fayer

Miss Mary Graham Zeppenfeld, elder daughter of Lt.-Colonel and Mrs. F. G. Zeppenfeld, of Pinewoods, Sandown, Johannesburg, is engaged to Dr. H. D. Astley Hope, only son of Mr. and Mrs. W. K. Talbot Hope, of King's Farm, Wash Waters, Newbury, Berks

Motoring

The Perfect Driver

Oliver Stewart

THERE are two ways of driving: one is designed to demonstrate the top speed and acceleration, the braking and cornering abilities of the car, the other is designed to provide a shock-free, comfortable voyage from A to B. Unfortunately on the rare occasions on which I have been a passenger in a private motorcar the driver has almost always selected the first method. I have, therefore, been maintained in a state of petrified apprehension.

It takes an exceedingly strong-minded driver to resist the temptation to frighten the life out of his passengers, especially when he is handling a high performance machine; but there are a few such and I had the good fortune to be driven through London by one about a month ago. His car was a Bentley, recently acquired. But as he has been a Bentley owner almost from childhood, he has grown out of the desire to impress and he wafted me along in a manner which made me forget all about the car and the traffic. That is how I like to be motored and I regard that driver as a champion, one who is as deserving of praise as any racing expert.

FOR the fact is that to drive in that gentle, drifting manner, demands intense and sustained concentration. The road far ahead must be continuously scanned, for neither brake pedal nor accelerator pedal must ever be more than gently stroked. Nor must the steering wheel be moved more than a fraction of an inch. The car must appear to go always in a straight line, neither accelerating nor braking. My friend sits apparently motionless at the wheel. It is as if the car were poised in space and all the puffing, pushing, pulsating traffic were being drawn past it.

That, in my view, is as much the art of driving as is the high speed work of a road race. And the curious thing is that it appears to transform all other drivers. When driven in that

effortless, smooth manner there appear suddenly to be fewer suicidal maniacs on the road than at other times.

When I was actively flying I discovered that it was the easiest thing in the world to terrify my passenger. A prolonged spin, a little inverted work near the ground, a really steep side-slip towards a shed roof or a dozen other manoeuvres could, when appropriately positioned, make the toughest customer nervous.

And thereafter I made it a point of honour never to frighten a passenger and not even to subject him to the simplest aerobatics without his express request. So doing, I believe I did more to make flying popular than can be done by any other method. And there is a kind of parallel with motoring. So my advice to drivers is to think of the way their passengers are thinking.

MR. BOYD-CARPENTER, the Minister of Transport and Civil Aviation, has shown himself more favourable towards road users than previous Ministers. And for that we must all thank him. But the tasks before him are many and difficult if he is to make noticeable improvements. I mentioned a week or so ago the need to eliminate unnecessary road signs and notices. My guess is that ninety per cent of the existing notices mean little or nothing and could come down with advantage. I referred to that fatuous notice: "Danger: Aeroplanes crossing," to "Concealed entrance" and to various others. Then there are all those "No parking" notices scattered about our towns.

It seems that they have no legal force. The public highway is public and although the police can bring a charge of obstruction whenever they think fit, the owner of a house or office cannot insist that a free space be kept for his own convenience. Where the offices are large enough to support a doorman, he will



often try to keep a space clear in front. But again I am told—although this is a legal matter and therefore subject to legal rulings—the doorman has no right to move on the driver of a car who wishes to stop in front of the building. Most drivers obey his instructions; but if one wanted to be "difficult" the doorman would be unable to enforce his ban on stopping or parking.

NOWADAYS thin oils are increasing in popularity, and if we have cold weather they will probably attract even more attention. Some American companies have been trying oils which appear to be as thin as water, the object being to reduce turning resistance in the engine and to make cold starting easier for the battery. It is the improved cold starting that should appeal to the ordinary motorist. But the right course in a matter such as this is to await the considered views of the big oil companies.

The oiliness of oils has always been a mystery to the ordinary mortal, for it does not seem to go with the appropriate appearance. In this matter we must be grateful that there are so many laboratories engaged on testing what happens with different kinds of oil, and so many companies to tell us the results of the tests.

A DELIGHTFUL occasion was the dinner of the Association of British Aero Clubs and Centres, which gave Mr. Boyd-Carpenter an opportunity to announce the lifting of all landing fees for light aircraft using any of the forty State aerodromes in this country. Sir Lionel Heald described this as a *bonne bouche* with which to conclude the dinner. Besides these two the other speakers were Mr. G. H. M. Miles and Sir Francis Fogarty.

A.T.C. scholarships were discussed and altogether one did not obtain the impression—now so widespread—that private and club flying is moribund.

WE do not now have to look far forward for the start of a new motoring season. In a few weeks' time the entries for Le Mans must be finalized and we have the Monte Carlo and the Brussels show right at the beginning of the year. We then enter what should prove a most exciting year for motor sport with the experiment—for it must at the moment be regarded as that—of the British Grand Prix at Aintree.

And on the side of the entries there appear to be more different types of interesting machine than ever. Perhaps we shall see this year the Lancia in true form and we have already had a taste of the speed that is in it. Then Mercédès and other firms are engaged on increasing the performance of their cars. Altogether it looks like a bigger and better year for motoring.



A BOND MINICAR stands up bravely in the flooded Staines-Windsor road, near Runnymede. By its side is a Vauxhall Velox, one of the most handsome and speedy of medium-priced cars. Both have excellent protection against this kind of road hazard

THEY WERE MARRIED

The TATLER'S Review



LLOYD—SEABROOK

Mr. D. A. Lloyd, son of Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Lloyd, of Bexhill-on-Sea, married Miss A. Seabrook, daughter of the late Mr. A. J. Seabrook, and of Mrs. Elizabeth Seabrook, of Blackheath, at St. Mark's, North Audley Street



GILMOUR—BERRY

Mr. Alexander Clement Gilmour, son of Sir John and Lady Mary Gilmour, of Carolside, Earlstoun, Berwickshire, married Miss Barbara Marie-Louise Berry, elder daughter of the Hon. Denis G. Berry, of Oakwood House, Wylam, Northamptonshire, and of Mrs. J. A. Seys, of Rhodora Estates, Kenya, at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, S.W.



Lenare

FRANCIS—MACNEECE FOSTER

The marriage took place at St. Michael's, Chester Square, of Flight-Lieutenant Clive Patrick Francis, son of the late Mr. D. H. Francis, and of Mrs. Francis, of Albert Hall Mansions, S.W.7, and Miss Jean Mary MacNeece Foster, daughter of Air Vice-Marshal and Mrs. W. F. MacNeece Foster, of Linton Road, Oxford



GODMAN—ROWSON

Mr. D. Godman, son of the late Lt.-Col. E. S. Godman, and of Mrs. Godman, of Enstone, Oxon, married Miss J. Rowson, daughter of the Rev. and Mrs. J. C. Rowson, of Stourton Rectory, Wilts, at Stourton



ECKERSLEY—MANLEY

Mr. Richard Eckersley, son of Mr. and Mrs. H. Eckersley, of Leamington Spa, married Miss A. E. Manley, daughter of Cdr. and Mrs. G. Manley, of The Old Rectory, Henley-in-Arden, at Henley-in-Arden Church



FERGUSON—DAPP

Mr. I. D. Ferguson, son of the late Capt. H. J. Ferguson, R.N.R., and of Mrs. Ferguson, of Richmond, Surrey, married Miss M. Dapp, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. S. Dapp, of Sale, at Ashton-on-Mersey

Books [Continuing from page 758]

A Resonant Voice of Today

THE COLLECTED POEMS of C. Day Lewis (Cape, 21s.) reach us in the poet's fiftieth year. His splendid reputation makes the value of this collection speak for itself. Here is his work, from the "Transitional Poem," published in 1929, onward to "An Italian Visit," 1953.

In his preface he speaks of the many selves, some now strangers to him, who are here embodied. "There are," he says, certain themes, "no doubt, linking these dead selves together. Perhaps these constant themes compose the personal tradition of a poet—his one continuity, defining and preserving, through every change of language, every change of heart, what is essential to him."

That must be so—and now, direct to the reader, the essential of this accumulated poetry proceeds. The widening beauty of the imagery, and of the metric experimentation, is to be marked. One is left with an assurance of full power: much more, one may be certain, is yet to come. . . . These *Collected Poems* should be a gift for the friend that you value most.

Other Book Suggestions

Art lovers should possess two great critical essays by Bernard Berenson, each a volume, illustrated by photographs—THE ARCH OF CONSTANTINE, sub-titled "The Decline of Form," and PIERO DELLA FRANCESCA, sub-titled "The Ineloquent in Art." Published by Messrs. Chapman & Hall, these cost 18s. and 12s. 6d. respectively.

★ ★ ★

GROUCHO, by Arthur Marx (Gollancz, 16s.), is an entertaining biographical portrait-study of the senior Marx Brother, by his son.

★ ★ ★

THE CAPTAIN'S TABLE (Michael Joseph, 10s. 6d.) is by Richard Gordon, author of the best-selling *Doctor In The House* and *Doctor At Sea*. We learn of the social ordeals of Captain Ebbs, unexpectedly switched from an ancient cargo boat to command of a smart liner bound for Sydney. Full of possibilities of fun, this book is unequally funny.



"Tell me, Mrs. Schottrig, just where do you get these crackers?"

CONDITIONS OF SALE AND SUPPLY: This periodical is sold subject to the following conditions: That it shall not, without the written consent of the publishers first given, be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of by way of Trade except at the full retail price of 2/-, and that it shall not be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of in a mutilated condition or in any unauthorised cover by way of Trade; or affixed to or as part of any publication or advertising, literary or pictorial matter whatsoever.



BEDFORD SCHOOL RUGBY XV. Back row: A. J. Ramsay, D. M. Scott, P. R. Thom, J. D. S. Hay, W. M. Plewman, A. G. Robertson, C. J. Bushell, F. G. Bevan, J. R. Hockey. Sitting: D. M. Pugh, Mr. F. M. Fletcher (coach), R. H. Meadows, (captain), E. Floyd, M. W. L. Morris. On ground: P. M. Howlett, J. H. C. Tate

THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS

Pre-Conquest Bedford

THE story of Bedford School is in outline the history of many of the older English grammar schools. It was a foundation of the medieval church, saved under Edward VI by an enlightened business man touched by the Renaissance enthusiasm for education. Then, after being submerged in eighteenth-century local politics, it was built up in the nineteenth century to become the great public school of today.

Bedford School was certainly a monastic and pre-Conquest foundation. The first known reference to it is contained in a document in the reign of Henry II. The school was handed over to the Mayor, Bailiff, Burgesses and Commonalty of Bedford at the dissolution of the monasteries in 1540. Only a length of ivy-covered wall beside the Ouse marks the site of the once opulent Priory which had maintained the school until then.

It might well have remained for ever a small, useful, but obscure local institution had it not been for William Harper, who had attended the school, subsequently going to London to seek his fortune. After serving his apprenticeship, he was admitted a Freeman of the Merchant Taylors' Company in 1533.

HENRY VIII's Court with its splendours made the time a profitable one for tailors and Harper prospered, eventually to become Lord Mayor of London and to receive a knighthood from Queen Elizabeth. He endowed the school with lands in Bedford and in the Parish of St. Andrew's, Holborn, associating Dame Alice, his wife, with himself in the Deed of Gift dated 1566. Sir William died in 1574 and left behind him a name which every dutiful Bedfordian honours.

It was during the long reign, lasting forty-four years, of John Brereton as headmaster, that expansion and progress began. Then after a quiet period under Frederick Fanshawe, the appointment of James Surtees Phillpotts in 1875 changed the whole character of the school. In ten years Phillpotts had doubled its numbers, which in 1888 had risen to eight

hundred. Further expansion on the old site proving impossible, the old building was sold to the Corporation, whom it still serves as a Town Hall, and a new school was built on land already belonging to the school to the north of the town, and opened by the Duke of Bedford in 1891. The long and distinguished reign of Phillpotts ended in 1903. It is true to say that the present-day reputation of Bedford is largely the result of his great work, so ably carried on by succeeding headmasters. The year 1952 closed the four centuries which had elapsed since the grant of the Letters Patent by King Edward VI inaugurated the modern history of the school, and the great anniversary was honoured by the presence at the school on Speech Day of H.R.H. Princess Margaret.

IN the field of sport Bedford can claim to be one of the strongest Rugby playing schools. Since inter-school matches were first played in 1881, Bedford has won 262, drawn 23 and only 86 games have been lost, a splendid record of consistency over the years. Bedford has also produced eighteen internationals, including J. G. Milton, who played for England in 1904, in all three matches while still at school. Other notable Bedfordians are C. E. L. Hammond, A. F. Blakiston, both England forwards, and Basil Maclear, the famous Irish three-quarter.

Outstanding fifteens were those of 1900 and 1907, but perhaps the golden era was the three seasons beginning 1941, when Bedford made consecutive appearances in the Public Schools "Sevens," twice winning the coveted honour. In any survey of Bedford Rugby, brief reference must be made to E. H. Davent, that splendid master and coach who turned out so many fine sides from 1884 to 1909.

If Bedford cricket has not reached the high level of Bedford Rugby, the school has achieved fame as one of the leading rowing schools.

—S. A. Patman

The King's School, Canterbury, appears in the January 5 issue.



In Saskatchewan and Santiago, in Switzerland and Ceylon, Fiji and United Province, and indeed all over the world, the postman is ever-welcome. The more so when, on a certain day each week, they know that he brings The TATLER, direct from London, England. A Maple Leaf on the cap-band identifies the Canadian postman, shown here in Summer uniform. This photograph is reproduced with the permission of Her Majesty's Postmaster General.

It's a long way to Salt Spring Island, in the Canadian Province of British Columbia; probably, to those who have roots in Britain still, the postmark *London, England*, will bring a surge of pleasure and anticipation. For who doesn't look forward to the mail from "home" in any faraway place? And who *could* be more appreciative of a publication like THE TATLER every week? To send it to a relative or friend as a birthday gift or to celebrate a personal anniversary—or, perhaps, to a business associate as an appreciative token of thanks for some service rendered—it costs you as little as £3 1s. 3d. (for 6 months). And it's so very easy! The Publishing Office of THE TATLER does the work for you—addressing, wrapping, stamping, posting, for this all-inclusive cost. Subscription rates are detailed below. Your regular bookstall or newsagent will welcome your enquiries and make the necessary arrangements; alternatively, just write direct to The Publisher of THE TATLER at the address given below.

The TATLER can be sent to any part of the world for £5 18s. 6d. (12 months) or £3 1s. 3d. (6 months). For Canada the rates are £5 14s. (12 months) and £2 19s. (6 months). These rates include the extra Christmas double-number and all other special numbers published during the period. Your instructions should be sent to The Publisher, The TATLER, 195 Strand, London, W.C.2.



Radio-active wear detector brings to motorists
the biggest advance ever made in car lubrication

80% Less Engine Wear

with new BP Special Energol

'VISCO-STATIC' MOTOR OIL

UP TO 12% LOWER PETROL CONSUMPTION

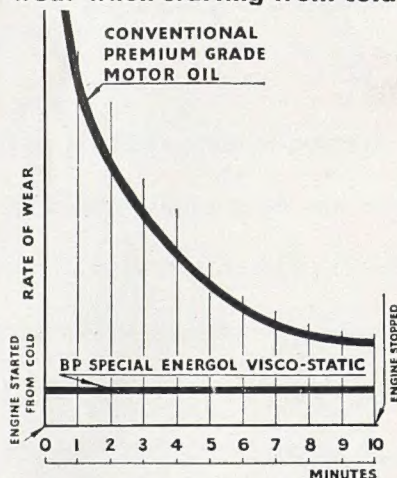
Doubles the life of your engine

THIS IS WONDERFUL NEWS. You can save 80% of engine wear, cut petrol consumption and enjoy easier starting and greater reliability than ever before thought possible.

BP Special Energol is a new kind of motor oil introduced by Anglo-Iranian Oil Company for use in all four-stroke petrol engines in good condition. It has been exhaustively tested in the laboratory and on the road. Here are only two of the amazing proved results:

You reduce wear on cylinder walls and pistons by 80%. Most important of all you prevent the heavy rate of wear during the first mile or two after starting. This means your engine maintains its performance for more than twice as long and the mileage between overhauls is doubled.

See how BP Special Energol saves wear when starting from cold



In this graph the upper curve is the result of tests with conventional premium grade oils. The height of the line is the amount of wear occurring at any instant. Notice the very high rate of wear immediately after starting and how this reduces gradually as the engine warms up.

Now see the lower line which is the rate of wear with BP Special Energol. Notice how it remains at the same low level all the time and even after some minutes running is still substantially lower than with conventional oils.

You save substantially on petrol consumption — 5-10% on normal running and up to 12% on start and stop running such as a doctor does.

Although BP Special Energol costs 50% more than conventional premium oils, it repays its extra cost on petrol saving alone.

'Visco-static'?

BP Special Energol 'Visco-static' is quite unlike any conventional motor oil. It is as thin when cold as the lightest grade of lubricating oil at present sold. Yet it is as thick when hot as the grades normally recommended for summer use. This special property in an oil is what lubrication scientists have been striving after for many years. It means ideal lubrication at all temperatures using only this one grade of oil for all engines where S.A.E. grades 10W to 40 are normally recommended. It is the reason why BP Special Energol not only reduces wear and petrol consumption but improves motoring performance and reliability in almost every way.

Easier starting

BP Special Energol flows freely even in extreme cold so that the engine will turn over more freely. Starting even in mid-winter is no more difficult than in high summer.

Less choke needed

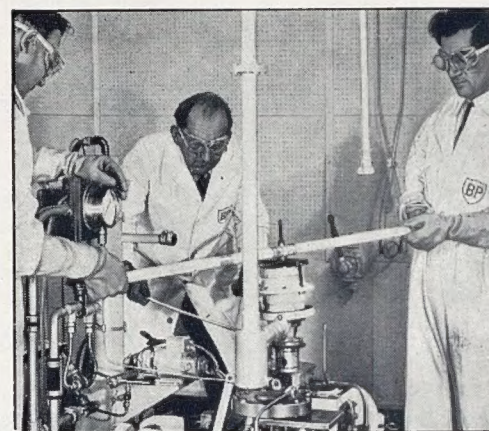
You start with less choke and can cut out the choke earlier. This not only reduces petrol consumption but prevents oil being washed from the cylinder walls by liquid petrol — one of the reasons why wear is normally so heavy during the first mile or two of running.

No oil starvation and less wear

Full lubrication begins from the first turn of the engine. Abrasive products on the cylinder walls are washed away immediately. This saves an enormous amount of wear on both your piston rings and cylinder walls. BP Special Energol includes additives which give outstanding film strength, acid resisting properties and detergency.

Less oil consumption

By reducing wear, BP Special Energol also reduces oil consumption. It maintains ample



Radio-activity provides the proof

This picture shows a radio-active piston ring being fitted into the special wear research engine at the Sunbury Research Station of Anglo-Iranian Oil Company. When the engine is running, radio-active particles in the oil stream show the rate of engine wear while it is happening. By condensing years of wear tests into weeks, this equipment has speeded the arrival of BP Special Energol and has provided exhaustive proof of its value.

viscosity for good lubrication even at the hottest parts of the engine, near the piston rings.

How to use BP Special Energol

BP Special Energol should not be mixed with conventional oils. The sump should be drained and refilled with the new oil and this should be repeated after the first 500 miles. Future oil changes should be after the normal mileage recommended by the makers of your car.

When not to use BP Special Energol

If your engine is worn and will shortly need overhauling, do not use BP Special Energol. The normal grades of BP Energol are still on sale and will help your engine to give the best possible service until it has been overhauled. Your garage manager will be glad to give advice if you are in any doubt.

BP Special Energol is obtainable at all garages where you see the BP Shield. It is coloured red for easy identification and sold in sealed packages.



SPECIAL ENERGOL 'VISCO-STATIC' MOTOR OIL IS A PRODUCT OF ANGLO-IRANIAN OIL COMPANY

'Visco-static' is a trade-mark of Anglo-Iranian Oil Company, Limited